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THE THRUSH.

BY S. J.

Sing, throstle, from the topmost spray!
Though finch and skylark choose to wait,
Thou hast thine own glad roundelay
That list'ning hearts may thus translate—

"In morning frost or evening haze,
While all the woodland choir is dumb,
I sing, rememb'ring happier days
And trusting still for joys to come!"

Yet, dearly as thou lov'st to sing,
Life is not all a song for thee;
With nest to build and food to bring,
Of care how full the hours will be!

And joyous yet thou singest on,
Though work demands thy time, thy skill;
Thy lesson is a cheerful one—
"Success is won by patient will!"

THE RUBY RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "A GOLDEN DAWN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY CAREW did not wait for Sir Carlos to speak. The love like no other love filled her heart.

She threw her arms round him, covered his face with kisses and tears, and clasped him to her breast as though he were still a child. She murmured loving words to him, kissed the haggard face and the curling hair. Ah, they might charge him with what they pleased, speak as they pleased—to her he was her idolized son.

He released himself from the clasp of those loving arms and looked at the grief-stricken face in which the light of happiness would never shine again.

"Mother," he said, "I have not much time. I must tell you all."

"You shall tell me only what you please," she cried.

"I must tell you all," he repeated. "Sit down here and let me kneel at your feet—let me lay my head on your knees, as I did when, a little child, I was tired of play. Mother dear, darling, it is for the last time."

She sat down in the chair he placed for her. Outside, in the brilliant sunlight stood the stalwart figure of a policeman, whose eyes never for a moment wandered from the window. Sir Carlos knelt at her feet and laid his head on her knee. Was it most bitter or most sweet to her that he wept first before he spoke—wept such tears as men seldom shed, his strong frame shaken with sobs?

When the passion of his tears were exhausted, he told her the story of his mad love, his hasty marriage, and his unutterable misery and despair.

She did not add to his sorrow by one reproach, did not say, as some women would have said, that she had foreseen it. She bent her beautiful face over his bowed head and listened with a heart riven with anguish and love.

"It was my own fault, mother," he said. "I thought I knew better than you. I was a fool, wise in my own conceit."

"You left her at Como?" she said gently. "How came she there, Carlos—in the mere?"

"I had forgotten. I have told you only half my story after all," he replied. "I meant to tell you everything, but I put off the evil day; and then came that unfortunate announcement in the newspapers. I hardly thought she would see it; but it seems that the poor girl felt lonely, and went to dine at the hotel in Como. There she saw an English newspaper and read the paragraph. She must have loved me very dearly—poor Maggie! She came away at once, bringing the paper with her. She went to Lynn Mavis, and from there she wrote to me—you gave me the letter yourself, mother—saying that she would come over to Firholme that night, and that I must see her. It was the night of the dinner; and I knew that whatever she felt inclined to do she would do; and the thought of a scene before Lady Gladys was intolerable to me. I knew that I must go and meet her if I wished to prevent her from coming to Firholme. I did so. There was nothing in my mind when I left home, I swear, but the wish to be kind and patient with her. I met her on the high-road; but—alas for her, alas for her!—she was in one of her worst moods—defiant, coarse, violent—and, I am ashamed to tell you, she had evidently fortified herself with brandy. I turned from the high-road as soon as I could—I was ashamed of her—and brought her into the grounds. We walked under those tall trees that shade the western side of the pool. It was only then that I could get one sensible word from her. For the fiftieth time I asked her what had brought her here. Then she drew that fatal newspaper from the bosom of her dress, and cried out, 'This—this!' I understood all in a moment.

"'It is a false report, Maggie,' I said, 'and you ought to know it.'

"'I will believe it is false,' she answered, 'if you will take me to the house and tell that painted, bold-faced madam that I am your wife.'

"'I shall do nothing of the kind,' I said quietly. 'You will be more yourself to-morrow; and then we will see what is to be done.'

"We were walking then quite close to the water—indeed I told her once that her dress was wet, and she drew it aside. What spirit prompted her—unless it was the vicious one of drink—I cannot tell, but she began to abuse you and Lady Gladys. She shouted out the most insolent things, she would not lower her voice; and I—Heaven forgive me, I was never a very patient man!—my brain throbbed and my blood seemed on fire. Perhaps I too had tried to get up false strength from stimulants. I know that she said everything most horrible of Lady Gladys; but she could not remember her name.

"'Give me that paper,' she cried, 'that I may read her name again and call on Heaven to crush her!'

"Of course I resisted. I would not let her have the paper. I said to myself that she should not revile Lady Gladys, but that on the morrow I would take her away. I swear to you that I had not the faintest thought of harming her. But she flung herself on me suddenly and violently, determined to wrest the paper from me, and screamed out such horrible things about you and Lady Gladys. I would not let her have the paper; I pushed away her hands, and she fell—fell backward, with a loud cry, into the pool. I had no thought of pushing her in, I did not even know we were so near the brink; but I did not save her.

"As she fell, she seized hold of my coat, and then of my cuff, and tore it from the wrist; and, as you saw, they found it in her poor hand. Why she sank like a stone and never rose again I cannot tell. I stood there some minutes. If she had come to the surface again I would have saved her; but I did not plunge in after her, and so I slew her. Ah, mother, talk of avenging furies, of evil deeds coming home! I would rather undergo any torture than suffer as I have suffered since. I could not rest here, so I went away; but the scarlet brand went with me. I came back haunted, driven by a thousand furies!"

He paused, and then said suddenly—

"Mother, what induced you to order the draining of the mere while I was away? Was it Heaven, to punish me? What strange weird hand pointed out such a way to bring about my death? She was my wife, mother—poor, pretty Maggie! Ah, if she were but alive now, and sitting as she sat last year in the bonnie woods of Hatton! You will send for her father and tell him the truth. Let her be buried as becomes my wife, miserable wretch that I am! And mother——"

He drew her head down to his lips and whispered something to her. As she heard it the pallor of death came over her face.

"Oh, my son, must it be?" she cried. "Is there no hope of escape?"

"No," he said sadly, "there is none for me; everything will be against me. She was my wife, and no one knew it. My marriage was a private one. If those Italian servants are summoned to give evidence, they will say that we quarreled frequently and violently, that I was tired and wearied of her, that I left her and returned home alone. Then what will people here say against me? That I became acquainted with a beautiful girl and fell in love with her. You heard Lady Gladys this morning say that she loved me. How will the story run now, mother? That my deserted wife came after me, and was found drowned, holding the very evidence of her death in her hands. Every one will believe that I pushed her into the mere. Mother," he whispered again, "will you promise? Your love has always been to me like no other love. Oh, mother, you bore me, you nursed me, you have watched and loved and cared for me, tended me all these years—can you bear to let me stand on the scaffold and die a shameful death? Oh, save me—save me, mother!"

The gray pallor deepened on her face, and her white dry lips murmured some inarticulate words.

"If the worst comes—and it will come," he went on, "the verdict will be 'Wilful murder,' no matter what counsel I get. If the worst comes, promise to do this for me!"

The golden head fell lower, until the ashen face rested on his. She could no longer weep, speak, or pray.

"You will promise?" he implored. "If you promise, I shall bear my fate so proudly that more than half the world will believe that I died innocent after all. Promise me, mother!"

The white dry lips were closed, the feeble arms clung more lovingly around him. His next words pierced her like a dagger-thrust.

"You have never refused me anything in my life, mother!"

Oh, cruel words, in which the very keynote of his fate lay!

"Mother," he cried, in agonized appeal, "save me from the shame of the scaffold! Promise me you will do what I ask!"

With a despairing effort she raised her face and pressed her cold lips to his. He heard her murmur a prayer, and then caught the words—

"I promise!"

The next moment she lay in his arms. He laid her on the couch and opened the door.

"Ring the bell for me, if you please," he said to the officer. "My mother has fainted; let me go before she opens her eyes again."

Superintendent Chapman was a stern man; but he turned away with tears in his eyes when he saw the young man on his knees by his mother's side kissing her face in a long farewell. He thought of the words, "The only son of his mother, and she was a widow. It is many years since these events happened; but he never likes to think of that scene or of the hapless mother whom he left lying like one dead.

So they left the beautiful home Sir Carlos was never to see again. There was little said as they drove in a carriage with drawn blinds along the sunlit roads to Lynn Mavis. The bright summer day was at its brightest, but for one who sat there all brightness was past for evermore.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE trial which had furnished the whole country with gossip was over. The coroner's inquest had been previously held on the drowned woman, and the verdict had been "Wilful murder."

The case had been tried at the Lynn Mavis Assizes; and, despite the eloquence of some of the shrewdest counsel in England, Sir Carlos Carew had been found guilty and sentenced to death.

The golden hair of Lady Carew had turned white from the anxiety and suspense she suffered. She had made superhuman efforts to save her son; but they were futile. During the dreadful ordeal Lady Gladys had been more than a daughter to her. She never left Lady Carew, never wearied of her passionate grief. Night and day the burden of the sorrowing mother's cry was, "My son, my son!"

Those were days terrible to bear. No sound, save the hoarse roar of the waterfall, broke the silence in the grand old house. The servants came to Lady Gladys for their orders; she saw to everything. It was she who, when John Waldron came at Lady Carew's request, stood by her side and helped her to tell the horrible story. It was she who went to Hiram West and bade him, in words that he never forgot, begone. It was she who chose the spot where Maggie was buried and followed her to the grave. It was she who wrote cheering, loving letters to the prisoner and bade him be hopeful. Now it was all over; and he had to die.

"I must see him," was all the mother said, when she was carried, more dead than living, out of court.

The few faithful friends who stood by her, anxious to help, but powerless, told her she should see her son. She tried to comfort herself with the thought. She should say "good bye" to him, to her son who had lain on her breast, and to whom she had devoted her life.

What dignity is like unto the dignity of sorrow? People made way for the gentle lady with the beautiful face and white hair as though she had been a queen.

"Gentleman, the law may say what it will, but I maintain that I have killed my son. I have slain him by my indulgence, by my cruel kindness, by never opposing his wishes, by giving him everything he desired, by never teaching him self-denial or self-control. I have killed my son, and the stain of his blood is on my hands."

* * * * * *

Sir Carlos had but three weeks to live. Lady Gladys never knew in the after-years how she had lived through those terrible days, through those long nights. She heard ever that one wail, "My son, my son—if I could but die for you!" Through the great desolate rooms, along the corridors, up and down the broad staircases, the pale patient figure wandered, ever with the same cry, "My son, my son!"

One night Lady Carew seemed to sleep more soundly; and Lady Gladys—who since the trial had insisted upon sharing

her old friend's room—worn out with sorrow and watching, slept soundly too. She must have slumbered for some hours; for, when she awoke, Lady Carew was not with her. She came back to her room after a short time, and the young girl asked in fear and trembling where she had been.

"I have been wandering through the state-rooms," was the reply; "and I had a terrible fright. I went into the Venetian room, and I thought Lady Blanca spoke to me. Do you remember? Oh, Heaven, let me for one hour forget!"

Lady Gladys soothed her; but she did not see what Lady Carew held so tightly clasped in her hand.

In the morning a letter came from Sir Carlos, praying his mother to come and see him on that day and containing the necessary permission from the governor of the Lynn Mavis prison.

"I will go with you to Lynn Mavis," said Lady Gladys, "and wait for you in the governor's rooms. If Carlos will let me see him, tell him it will be the only happiness left in life for me."

They drove to the prison that morning. It was noon when they reached the gloomy goal which stood outside the town. The governor received the ladies with all respect. Lady Gladys went to his rooms, while Lady Carew was led to her son's cell. The customary precautions were taken. It was seen that Lady Carew had nothing concealed about her person; and then one of the warders took her into the cell.

At last she was in the presence of her son, and his face brightened when he saw her.

"Ever true and faithful!" he cried to her. "Oh, love like no other love!"

The cruel grating stood between them. She laid her pale face against the strong bars and tried to speak to him. The warder standing by saw that she was weak and trembling. With one hand she clung to the iron bars, and the light falling on it showed the jeweled rings she wore; and amongst them he saw a band of gold with a magnificent ruby. He idly wondered what that ruby was worth, and thought how fortunate some people were to have such jewels.

She whispered something to her son, and the man was on the alert.

"Pardon me, my lady, but there must be nothing of that kind," he said.

Her troubled eyes rested on him for one moment, and then he heard Sir Carlos say

"Mother, your beautiful hair has turned white."

She went up to the warder and spoke to him. He had never seen such woe in a human face, had never heard such anguish in a human voice.

"Let me kiss him," she said. "I am his mother. I have nursed him; his arms have been clasped round my neck a thousand times. Let me pass mine between the bars and clasp them round his neck—just once, that I may remember it until I die."

He was only human; and he turned away with dim eyes.

The eyes of mother and son met. He bent his head, and she passed her trembling hands between the bars. She clasped him with murmured words of anguish; then something slipped from her finger. In another moment her hands were once more holding the bars. Had the warder looked closely, he would have seen that the ruby ring which had shone on her finger was gone; but he did not think of the lady's rings—he was afraid that she was going to faint.

"Good-bye, dear mother!" said a voice broken by tears; but she held out her arms to the warder.

"Take me away," she moaned; "my sight is failing, and I cannot hear."

He caught her just as she was falling; and no one ever knew in what words Lady Carew said farewell to her son. They took her back to Firholme; and the governor of the prison, who was a warm-hearted man, advised Lady Gladys not to let her come again. It could do no good, he said, and was simply torture to her.

The night passed; and, when the morning dawned, it struck the warder—the same man who had granted Lady Carew's request—he had just relieved his fellow-officer of the task of watching the prisoner—that the convict was very quiet. He no longer heard bitter sobs and long dreary sighs, and the restless turning on the miserable bed had ceased. Sir Carlos was strangely still. When the warder spoke, there was no answer; when he went to him, he found him—dead!

A few minutes later on he found on the stone floor of the cell a ruby ring, the one that he had seen on Lady Carew's finger on the day before. He saw the broken spring and the hollow space. Perhaps he guessed what had happened; for, before he gave any alarm, he destroyed the ring. He had a wife and children to keep, and could not afford to run the risk of losing his post.

Then he gave the alarm. The governor came at once and sent for the doctor; but it was too late. Sir Carlos had been dead for hours; and it was never known how he died.

No one but Lady Gladys knew what the unhappy mother meant when, in the long illness that followed her visit to the prison, she raved of the ruby ring and the love that was like no other love.

* * * * * *

Lady Carew lives in the North of England now; and every day she lays fresh flowers on a grave marked only by a white marble cross, on which is recorded no name.

Firholme and all its revenues have gone to the next of kin. Lady Carew's eyes will never again rest on her ancient home. She devotes her life to charity and good deeds. The one bright reflection in her life is that Lady Gladys, after a time, married Captain Athelston, and her happiest days are the days she spends with them.

When the young heir of the Athelstons, a handsome sturdy lad, is rebellious and defiant and refuses to obey, Lady Carew's gentle voice says—

"Gladys, 'chasten thy son while there is hope.'"

Her ladyship sees the flowers bloom and hears the blithe song of the birds; but her heart is ever full of the anguish and the sweetness that come from The Love Like No Other Love.

[THE END]

A Bad Shot.

BY T. A. B.

THERE he was at last!—white hat, white waistcoat, pompous stomach; one hand bearing a green book behind his back; the other holding a cane, sloped sword fashion over his shoulder.

"Either Sir Roderick Elms or the Gentleman-in-black!" said I, as I caught the first glimpse of him pacing up and down the top of Southend pier; and I lit a fresh cigar—the third since I had set foot on the planks bridging that waste of mud, and felt my heart leap with joy at the double discovery that the pier had an end to it, and my friend was there.

"Ah, Brown, my boy!" exclaimed Sir Roderick. "Why, what on earth!—Fancy meeting you here! Well, it is a curious coincidence!"

"So it is," I replied; and as I had only tracked him from London to Margate, from Margate to Brighton, from Brighton to Worthing, from Worthing back to London, thence to Southend, finally running him to slush in a cul-de-sac, it was singular that we should meet. "And what made you come here?" I continued, after having accounted for my own presence in a somewhat misty manner.

"Two things," he replied; "Tennyson and the Great Eastern."

"Tennyson!" said I.

"Yes," said he, "I always study his poems as they come out, and this is the quietest place I know of. I like, you see, to enjoy poetry thoroughly, without interruption from the outer world; and perched in the middle of this Thames mud, I can imagine myself in chaos. Oh, don't color and look conscious; I have not been reading your poems; only Tennyson's.

'Not Brown's, nor yet another's.'

I know the first two idyls. Some of the poetry is very pretty, quite melting in the mouth.

'It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute.'

How harmonious, eh?"

"Oh, very," said I; "but, believe me, you overrate Tennyson; you do indeed. Now, if you would only give a little time to the perusal of——"

"The Broken Liver, and other——"

"Heart! Heart!" I exclaimed.

"Well, The Broken Heart, and other poems, I suppose," said Sir Roderick. "All very fine, I dare say, but there are rather too many words and too few ideas in your poems, my dear Brown."

"Ah! well, never mind," said I; "you have learned two idyls, you say, and I am sure that must be enough at one time; another would disagree. Come back into the world; seven days more of poetry and mud would give you the ague."

"Eh? Perhaps you are right," replied Sir Roderick. "But London is dull because no one is in it; and the country is dull because everybody is shooting, an occupation I hate. I think I shall stop here till the Great Eastern goes by."

"I have it!" I exclaimed. "Come with me to Tunbridge Wells. We have a wedding going on, and as there are no parents belonging to either party you shall give away the bride."

"Eh? young people?" he inquired.

"Bride about twenty-two," I replied; "charming, lovely, graceful; bridegroom thirty, handsome, strong, intelligent."

"Delightful!" said Sir Roderick; "I'm your man. I do like a wedding; there is something so romantic, so poetical about it."

"And yet you yourself," I remarked, "have never married!"

"Ah!" he replied, "that is quite another thing. You may enjoy the Sorrows of Werter without blowing a hole through your own head, may you not? The romance and poetry evaporate in twenty-four hours, while the wife lasts for life. No, if I were a Turk, with an unlimited income, and could marry a fresh bride every month, and so live in a perpetual state of honeymoon, it would be all very pleasant; but, as it is, I prefer sympathizing with my friends, and keeping my eyes only on the bright and sunny side of matrimony."

I had gained my point; the object of my journeying to Brighton, Worthing, and Southend being simply to get Sir Roderick Elms, Bart., a man of some social position, to act the part of heavy father for Mary Collis, on the occasion of her marriage with Harry Martin.

Poor Harry! I knew him at school, when he was as merry and careless a lad as ever got into mischief. A general favorite; the boys liked him because he was "plucky" and open-handed; the masters, because he was sharp and truthful.

He was particularly clever with his pencil, and I have now in my possession several old school-books ornamented with caricatures by his hand, which bear traces of that talent which has since gained him so much fame.

We were great friends, sharing the same room, and rising from form to form together up to the age of sixteen, when one June afternoon a servant came out into the field where we were playing at cricket, and called Harry, who threw down his bat, and never came back for it.

He took no leave—no, not even of me. Strange rumors floated about the school of some dreadful domestic calamity that had befallen him, and all looked to me for fuller information.

But he never sent me a line or a message, and I had my first lesson "de amicitia," a lesson bitter but wholesome; for how would the heart stand the discovery of the real nature of love, if it had not been previously toughened by the explosion of a few friendships?

When I next met Harry he was a man, an artist; sombre, gloomy, misanthropical careless of gain, for he was well off; careless, as far as a civilized man can be, of fame; careless of pleasure; shielded by his Art, and by her alone, from melancholy madness, opium, or brandy.

At the sight of his careworn face and shrinking eye all feelings of pique vanished, my old sentiments towards him returned, and I set myself the task of renewing our friendship, and weaning him from his habits of monastic seclusion.

The first I soon effected; the latter was very difficult; however, I got him, after a while, to dine with myself and my wife, who soon shared my interest in him, and then by degrees added one or two congenial spirits, artists like himself, to the party, but could draw him out no further than this.

"I have it!" cried my wife, one evening after he had let us.

"What?" I inquired.

"Marry him!" said he.

"Hum! I have thought of that, too," I remarked; "but he will not go into society, and if he would it is not every family that would like the connexion."

"I do not propose," said my wife, "that he should go into society. Suppose he accidentally met Mary Collis here one day?"

"Mary Collis!" I exclaimed, "how was it that I never thought of her before?"

"A remark you men make on the occasion of every discovery," observed my wife.

Mary Collis had been left to do battle with the world at sixteen, armed with a good education, a hundred pounds, and the remembrance of a crushing misfortune. She translated for booksellers, made wax flowers, gave lessons on the harp, and through this latter occupation became known to my wife, who pitied, then loved her.

Picture to yourself a young girl, bred in habits of luxury, thrown without friend, guide, or protector on the streets of London to get her own living, and passing untainted through the ordeal.

Surely a Cœlebs might go further and fare worse; that is, supposing he wanted a wife, not a money-bag. Bah! my dear Rakeling, I grant your vast experience, acquired unknown to your parents and tutors, and purchased with the money owing to your college tradesmen; but there are such girls, and olders and wiser men than you know it.

Well, somehow Harry did meet Mary at our house, and somehow he did, after a prodigious deal of wavering, make her an offer of marriage, which she accepted; thereby depriving me of an occupation and amusement much to my taste.

It is capital fun, match-making, and I often wish I was a dowager with four plain daughters. However, we had done some real good, for Harry became quite another man; his head grew more erect, his cheek fuller, his step firmer.

We were all staying at Tunbridge Wells at the time, so it was agreed that the marriage should come off at once, and in that place; my wife and myself running up to London to do all that mysterious shopping incidental to these affairs.

After gathering calico all the day from every opening shop, like two busy bees, it was a relief to repose in an easy chair after dinner, with the claret handy.

"My dear," said my wife, "don't go to sleep."

"Sleep!" I exclaimed; "I was nev—never more wi—aw—haw."

"Don't yawn," said my wife. "Whom shall we ask to the breakfast?"

"Well," I replied, "considering the circumstances, and Harry's retiring disposition, I should say as few as possible, just one or two old friends who know him. There is A, the historical painter; and B, the portrait painter; and Mrs. C, the landscape painter; and D, the publisher, who was so kind to Mary, and——"

"I do not agree with you at all," said my wife. "Why should they remain all their lives shrunk up in such a narrow circle? They have never done anything to be ashamed of themselves; why should they not look the world in the face, and make acquaintances as well as friends? I shall ask the Fizdobs and all the other carriage people whom I know, and carry off the affair with eclat. Oh, if we only knew a title!"

My wife, you see, is a snob; and so am I. I cannot help it. I enjoy Mr. Thackeray's works, devour them greedily, and chew the cud of them; and yet, if walking down Pall Mall, with the grin excited by the last social cynicism of that author still in my brain, I were to get a nod from a lord, should I the less feel a genial glow diffuse itself through my body?

Should I the less glance stealthily about to see whether any acquaintance noticed the recognition? What is the use of telling me that a geneslogical tree or a title does not make its possessor different from any other man; I know all that well enough.

The "guinea stamp" does not make any difference in the gold, but it makes it pass in the world. People are such fools as to envy me if they see me speaking to a lord; and I am such a fool as to like to have my vanity tickled by their envy.

Not that vanity is so foolish a thing either. If it were not for that master-passion, who would go into parliament, or fall in love, or hunt the hounds, or storm a breach?

What a long rigmarole in defence of a weakness which is, alas! but hypothetical, for I do not know a lord. I did once—at college; but he cut me when we left.

On one occasion, certainly, he spoke to me at the club, but that was on the eve of a general election, when everybody spoke to everybody. But, though I have no friends among the gods, I have one amongst the demi-gods; so, after some thought, I replied to my wife—

"There is Sir Roderick Elms," I observed. "He is only a baronet to be sure; but still that is something."

"I should think so!" said my wife; "and then he looks like a duke. Will he come?"

"I fancy so, if I could find him," said I.

"He shall give Mary away. How well it will look in the paper! It will give the young couple quite a start in society, especially as they are going to live deep in the country," said Mrs. Brown, who became ecstatic.

"But how am I to find him?" said I; "he is sure to be out of town."

"They will give you some clue at his

club," said my wife, "and you must travel about till you discover him."

Now, Sir Roderick is a very drab, and I hate traveling.

"Hum. Must!" I exclaimed.

"Come, don't turn crusty, there's a dear," said my wife; "but go and bring him."

Hereupon the perfidious woman came and sat on my knee and pulled my whiskers.

Now I am a sort of Samson—all my strength lies in my whiskers; and when Mrs. Brown gets hold of them, I am a very babe: in short, all married men know that I promised and vowed anything she liked; and so it happened that I followed Sir Roderick's trail like a red Indian, till I tracked him, as I told you, to the top of Southend pier, where he was learning Tennyson by heart, and looking out for the Great Eastern.

Well, Sir Roderick took to the idea of the wedding, and came like a lamb; and I telegraphed to my wife to get lodgings and dinner ready, so that when we arrived at Tunbridge Wells everything was prepared for his reception; which, combined with the fact that there was no one to interfere with his performance on the first fiddle, put him in a mighty good humor, which was enhanced when he was introduced to Mary, whom he much admired, and graciously promised to "give away"—"since I cannot have the ineffable bliss of keeping her myself," added the polite old boy with a ducal bow.

When the ceremony took place Sir Roderick acted his part in a paternal manner that was quite affecting, and made everybody look forward to his breakfast speech with a thrill of expectation.

"I shall not make it a long one," he told me in confidence as we left the church. "I hate orations; something short, epigrammatic, and to the purpose, that is my style; pathetic, though, I must be, for there is nothing here to cry about; no parting or anything; and a wedding without crying will never do!"

The critical moment came; the bride fidgeted; Harry looked steadily at a bit of paper half concealed in his napkin; the guests all filled their glasses and looked towards Sir Roderick Elms, who presently rose.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, "it is with mingled feelings of pleasure (smile) and regret (sigh) that I rise to propose the toast of the day; pleasure at assisting at a marriage which promises so much happiness to the pair this day united; regret for the untimely fate which, by removing their own lamented parents from (gulp) this transitory scene of mingled (falter) joy and pain, has placed me (benevolent smile) in loco parentis during the ceremony of to-day. The bride and bridegroom! (raising his glass) and may they live as happily together as their respective parents did, for, alas! too short a time, before them."

There was no jingling, no rattling, no "hear-hearing" as Sir Roderick sat down. The guests stared hard at their plates; Harry jumped up with a fierce scowl, but had to turn round and attend to his bride, who had fainted. Sir Roderick was quite charmed with the effect he had produced.

"Pathetic?" he whispered to me; "I think I have done it!"

"I think you have!" I rejoined, with an accent.

"Eh? what have I done? what is the matter?" he stammered.

"The bride's parents are divorced," said I.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "And the bridegroom's father," stammered Sir Roderick, "was—was——"

"Yes—yes!" said I, "hanged for the murder of his mother!"

"Good gracious!" again exclaimed Sir Roderick.

USES AND ABUSES.

THAT this is essentially a novel-reading and novel writing age few observers of manners and customs will deny, and though a small minority of such observers may lament the circumstance, and shake their heads over it with avowed disapproval, the majority are grateful for the wholesome recreation and absolute instruction that good novels afford. As for bad ones, just for the present we will leave them out of the question. If dull, they fall into neglect by their own leaden weight; and the imaginative reader—the genuine lover of fiction—has of course read much, and so acquired a dainty taste, which causes him to turn away from coarse mental food.

It may be boldly asserted that the uses of good fiction are subtle, manifold, and quite immeasurable; and probably the English language is richer in such literature than any other.

Take, for instance, the novels of Sir Walter Scott—it is not too much to say that any one ignorant of them must be at a disadvantage all his life. He may read history diligently, but he must have the richest imagination if he can clothe the dry bones of its personages in a manner comparable to that of the Wizard of the North, or represent med æval times with his vivid reality.

Writing from personal recollections, we are of opinion that the reading of the Waverley novels between the ages of fifteen and twenty might with advantage be made a course in a liberal education. We name youth as the best period for their first perusal, because it is the season when the character is being moulded, and when lessons of heroism and integrity are so valuable.

Moreover, it is the time when such reading would be considered simply as recreation that could be taken in a leisurely manner; whereas, when the 'teens' are over, most men, and even women, begin to fight the battle of life, and are less inclined to read with the patient attention which Scott's novels very specially require, if we are to gather to ourselves the mental wealth they are ready to afford. Scott wrote at a time when good new books were few, and consequently readers had time to study them. Moreover, it was an age when the luxury of leisure was not unknown, and great works were weighed and studied.

Later novelists have in many instances acquired a trick of retaining their readers' attention—often by occasional iteration, which spares the reader's memory, and is suited to a generation that is so often in a hurry; but perhaps it hardly belongs to the highest school of art. Nevertheless, many of these novels that are purposely made easy reading are wholesome as well as entertaining from their faithful representation of human nature under the varying conditions of modern life.

Perhaps many a person absorbed all day in matter-of-fact occupations finds the evening hour or two of novel-reading not only a pleasant relaxation, but an invigorating exercise of the mind. If the work treats of the present time, as a modern novel generally does, the reader is able to to derive many of the advantages of 'mixing in society' while resting in his easy-chair; and if he tires of his company, he has but to close the book without apologies for a hurried leave-taking.

In fact, people who do not read some of our first-rate modern novels miss the opportunity of acquiring a shrewd insight into character, and much knowledge that deserves to be called wisdom. If the good novel depicts an age gone by, it still portrays human nature unchanged and unchangeable, however education and circumstances may modify manners.

As for the accusation sometimes made, that characters and circumstances are too often exaggerated by writers of fiction, it would be well to have faith in the old adage that 'Truth is stranger than fiction.'

In convalescence after illness, the reading or listening to a story is far less fatiguing than receiving visitors, while the monotony of the sick-room has to be relieved; and even in times of trouble and anxiety, a book that will take us 'out of ourselves' is something to win our gratitude.

The love of story-telling is certainly an instinct inherent in mankind, and surely we have the one Divine example of Him who taught in parables to justify the belief that such instinct was bestowed on us for the noblest purposes.

Children delight in stories; and when the youthful reader wants to know more about the personages of the tale, it is a safe sign that the book has done good; it has roused and enlarged the thinking and wondering faculties, which are not likely to shrink back to their dimensions. It is astonishing what side-issues open on the mind by wondering about things.

And here let us exult in the immortal fables and fairy tales which teach more than all the moral essays that ever were written, and teach in the one incomparable manner, that of making learning delightful. Children require what is called 'excitement' as well as their elders. We remember a lady—deservedly esteemed as an excellent wife and mother, but who led rather a monotonous life—declare that if she were debarred from novel-reading, she was sure she should take to drinking. She perhaps was doing herself injustice by this startling assertion, but it expressed the necessity she felt for some excitement. In like manner, children well supplied with story-books may sometimes be saved thereby from the excitement of wilfulness and mischievous tricks.

As for bad books, we must confess they are of several sorts. The book written, as it is said, 'with a purpose' is often quite one sided and unfair in its arguments; and the fiction that sets class against class by depicting one section of the community as angelic and the other as demoniac, is simply a work of wickedness.

The fiction, too, which describes the awakening of unholy passions with more sympathy than sorrow and censure, and fails to award poetical justice to evil-doers, is distinctly bad.

But after all, by their fruit ye shall know them, and it is by the mood in which we lay down a work of fiction that we should judge it. If we feel that we have been in choice company, whose personages have by their example and conversation done us good, raising our standard of right, and bracing us up to follow in their track, with a touch of regret that they have no more to show and tell us—then, be sure, the book is good.

But if, on the contrary, we are morally depressed by the close contemplation of infamy, without perceiving in the writer a judicial force which brings about retribution and makes vice abhorrent—then the work is not wholesome; and if it comes into the hands of the novel despiser, he uses it to strengthen his arguments.

But the novel-reader may 'abuse' his privileges as well as the novel-writer. We once heard a very excellent and clever Scotsman, not long deceased, say that whenever he found a habit so growing on him that to dispense with the pleasure it afforded became a trial, he broke himself off it immediately.

This, perhaps, was going further than is always necessary; there are so many pleasures which are justifiable when kept within due limits, and surely novel-reading is one of them.

Of course, when it is found that imaginative literature absorbs the mind too much, distracting it from the practical duties of life, it is time resolutely to limit such reading or abandon it altogether; but we hope cases of this kind are not numerous.

In conclusion, let us observe that when first the custom became common of publishing novels as serials, there was some outcry against it; but novel-readers are now used to the plan, and, with some exceptions, like it. Probably a good story is more thoroughly enjoyed when read in detachments, and certainly it is better remembered than when the reader has the last chapter at hand to tempt him to "look at the end" before he properly arrives at it. Also there is the amusement of talking over the work with fellow-readers, and wondering how it will turn out, and making guesses pretty sure to be quite different from the author's intentions.

We are not, however, aware that modern novel-readers imitate the fine ladies of a hundred and fifty years ago, who, when "Clarissa" was in course of publication, wrote to the author entreating him to reform the rake, and make all end happily. But Richardson was too true an artist thus to vulgarize his great work. It is astonishing the number of serials some readers can carrry in their minds without confusion of characters. We remember hearing a very clever woman, a great reader of novels, say that she had eleven stories in progress on her mind, and once as many as fourteen!

THE FARMER AND THE SPORTSMAN.—A gentleman of means, and an enthusiastic sportsman, having purchased a country residence, began (to the astonishment of his neighbors) to devote his time to his gun and hounds, instead of the culture of his land. After a time an old farmer took a favorable opportunity to make some remarks upon his course, that was, in his view, not only profitless, but devoid of interest. "If you will for one day go with me," said the sportsman, "I think I can convince you that it is intensely interesting and exciting. The farmer consented to do so; and the next morning, before daybreak, they wended their way to their hunting ground. The dogs soon scented a fox, and were off, and the two worthies followed, through woods and meadows, and over hills, for two or three hours. At last the sportsman heard the dogs driving the game in their direction; and soon the pack, in full cry, came over a hill that had previously shut out the sound. "There! my friend," said the sportsman, "there! did you ever hear such heavenly music as that?" The farmer stopped in an attitude of intense attention for some moments, and then said, "Well, the fact is, those confounded dogs make such a noise I can't hear the music!"

Bric-a-Brac.

LITMUS.—Litmus paper, much used in chemistry, is produced from lichens, which grow on the shores of the Mediterranean. The lichens are ground, moistened and treated with potash, lime and ammonia and converted into dough. It is then fermented, and afterward mixed with plaster of paris and dried and pressed.

A STRANGE SIGHT.—A steamer running on rails is a curious sight to be seen near Copenhagen. Two lakes are separated by a narrow strip of land, on which rails are laid, running into the water on either side. The steamer, which is 44 feet long, and carries 70 passengers, is guided to the rails by piles like a ferry slip; it has wheels on either side which fit the rails, and is driven full speed up one side of the incline and down the other into the water on the other side.

CHESS.—Many American ladies have of late become fond of chess playing, and about twenty of them have combined for the purpose of promoting the holding of an International Chess Congress for ladies. These ladies have put themselves in communication with lady chess players all over the world, and hope to be successful in gaining their object. Ladies are much fascinated by the mysteries of the royal game of chess, and are fond of working out problems, so it is likely that it may become shortly a very popular pastime.

HOWLING OF THE MOON.—Just as some highly civilized races worship the sun, so some people lower in the scale worship the moon. Amongst the latter may be named the Makua, of Mozambique, in East Africa. They are a bad lot, and give the Portuguese much trouble. At full moon they always dance and howl most mournfully. Mr. H. H. Johnston, the traveler, says that though the authorities forbid these observances, his Makua servants ran the risk of being whipped, and even imprisoned, rather than not go down to the beach to yell and caper on full-moon nights.

AN ODD RACE.—A "Noah's Ark Race" is an amusing novelty on the turf. It was introduced at the last Madras fair, and was a handicap for all animals bred in the country, the competitors including buffaloes, elephants, a goat, ram, emu, and elk, and other creatures, besides ponies and horses. The elephants were as placid as if moving in a marriage procession, and went over the course at a quick walk. The ram and goat, ridden by little boys, ran well, and the buffaloes went at a good gallop; but the emu would not stir—neither would the elk, until the end of the race, when it took fright and darted down the course at great speed. Finally a ram was the winner, a horse coming in second, and a buffalo third.

IT REFUSED TO BE COMFORTED.—Mr. Henry Irving, the well known actor, once took a fancy to a beautiful collie dog belonging to a Highland shepherd. The man was very unwilling to part with his dog, but the sum offered for it—$300—was a little fortune in his own eyes, and he resolved to sell it. There are two to the making of a bargain, however, as the saying is, and when the collie reached London it refused to be comforted. In fact, it was so unhappy in its new life, and its misery caused Mr. Irving to feel so uncomfortable, that he determined to restore it to its old master. Imagine the dog's joy, and the shepherd's too, when the creature returned to its Highland home. One is reminded of the love of the Arab for his steed in reading of this pretty story.

IN ROUMANIA.—A curious custom prevails amongst the Roumanian peasantry with regard to marriage. When a Roumanian girl is of marriageable age her trousseau, which has been woven, spun and embroidered entirely by her mother and herself, is placed in a painted wooden box. When a suitor presents himself, he is allowed to open the box, which is always kept in a prominent place, and examine its contents. If he is satisfied with the quantity and quality of the dowry, he formally proposes to the girl's parents; but if the trousseau does not answer his anticipations he may retire without being considered to have committed himself in any way. The wedding ceremony is made a scene of great rejoicing, the bridegroom's parents driving the bride home in a cart wreathed with garlands of flowers and drawn by four oxen. The all-important box containing the trousseau is placed on the front of the cart, whilst one of the bride's relations follow on foot carrying her dot, tied up in a handkerchief at the end of a long pole.

SLEEP.

BY A. A. B.

O gentle soother of our toil and care,
Thou bringest nightly to us grateful rest,
When for a while fly Sorrow and Despair,
And peace their places fill in every breas t!
Come, blessed sleep, and with thy snow-white wings
O'ershadow all who feel or grief or pain;
Touch the sweet harp of Mem'ry's golden strings
And bring our long-lost joys to us again!
None are so wretched but thy heav'nly balm
Can shed its healing on the heart oppress;
None are so troubled but thy tender calm
Stills the vexed waters of their heart unrest.
Blessing and praise and grateful thanks be given
By us for thee unto Almighty Heaven!

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

ROBSON opened the door, and greeted the young lord with a respectful smile, and ushered him upstairs.

St John entered the sitting room, and found Bernard seated in an armchair before the fire. A newspaper was on his knees, but he was not reading, and something in his attitude startled and surprised St. John, even before Bernard turned his face so that St. John could see that alteration in it.

"Hullo, young 'un!" he said, and a smile lit it up, but only for a moment. When the smile passed, it left the haggard weariness only too perceptible. "Where did you spring from? Glad to see you, anyhow. Bring a chair up."

St. John held Bernard's hands, and looked down at him with affectionate dismay quite plainly visible in his countenance.

"You've been very bad, Bernie?" he said.

"Right you are," assented Bernard, with a cheerfulness that was not altogether forced, for he was pleased to see St. John, of whom he had always been very fond. "But that's an old story. I'm quite fit again now. But you don't look thirteen to the dozen, you know. Look worried and pale. Anything wrong in the state of Denmark? Never mind, tell me after lunch. Robson is just going to bring in some modest chops, and you must stay. I'm sorry my father won't be in. He is lunching with Grandison at the club."

"How is he?" inquired St. John.

Bernard suppressed a sigh, and forced a smile.

"Very well. No," he broke off grimly, "he only pretends to be well. But though he pretends with admirable art, he cannot deceive me. He has aged very much lately. A man does not lose his house—the home of his race for ages past—without feeling it. He keeps up capitally, but it's all outward show. He frets after the Hall, St. John. But you didn't come to be badgered and worried by our troubles, young 'un. Take a cigarette, and tell me all the news. Ah, here's the lunch."

It was, as he had said, a very modest repast. There was no champagne of a costly brand and vintage, no hot-house fruit.

"But you ought to be very happy," said St. John, with a slight blush—for he was delicately regardful of another man's feelings. "I—I have just read the paragraph in the papers."

Bernard did not look up from his operation of serving the chops.

"Yes," he said, and his voice dropped into one of almost cold guardedness. "Yes, I am going to marry Miss Damerel. Will you have some ketchup or Worcester sauce? They are both in that little cruet on your left."

"I—I am very glad," said St. John, "I hope you will be very happy, Bernie; but you are sure to be."

"Thanks, St. John," said Bernie, busy with the pepper and the vegetables. "Oh, yes, I am sure to be. I am a very fortunate mortal."

"I don't know Miss Damerel," said St. John, who, judging by himself, thought that Bernard would be only too delighted to talk of his loved one. "I wish I did."

"You shall soon gratify your wish," Bernard said. "She will be very glad to see you. You must come round with me. Come this afternoon."

"Oh, may I?" exclaimed St. John flushing. "That is awfully good of you! You are sure she won't mind? But you can explain that we are old friends, and——"

Bernard nodded.

"Yes, yes; that's all right."

"Miss Damerel—the papers say—I have heard that she is very beautiful?"

"Yes," said Bernard quietly. "Felicia is one of the most beautiful women in London. By the way, there is her portrait just behind you—on that table; you can get it without getting up."

St. John reached for the cabinet photo, in the delicately carved frame, and examined it.

"Yes!" he said in a low voice, "she is very beautiful." Then, as he spoke, he thought of Nance, and, with a lover's pride, mentally added, "Not so lovely as my Christine!" Though he would not acknowledge it to himself, even, there was something in the face of Miss Damerel which jarred on him; a certain hardness about the mouth and in the fine eyes, which detracted from the general beauty of the face.

He put the photograph back. Bernard did not take it and gaze at it, and debate upon it, as a lover would, and as St. John had expected him to do, but went on steadily with his lunch.

"And when are you going to be married? But perhaps I ought not to ask?" said St. John.

"Why not?" said Bernard "We are going to be married before Christmas, in about a month's time. Felicia wants to go south for the rest of the winter and until after Easter. She has not been very well lately."

"Oh, I am sorry," said St. John, as if he had known her for years.

"Oh, it is nothing, I think," said Bernard. "But she looks pale and is rather ——" He paused for a word. "I was going to say nervous. Most women suffer from their nerves now a-days." He changed the subject almost abruptly, and the two men drew up their chairs to the fire and smoked—Bernard filling a well-worn briar, and smoking as a man does who has learnt to regard tobacco in the light of a consoler.

They talked of old school and college times, of masters and boys, and past cricket and foot ball matches; then suddenly Bernard said, looking hard at the fire—

"What is the news from home? 'Home,'" he smiled with a mixture of sadness and bitterness. "You see I can't remember that it isn't 'home' any longer."

St. John looked at him sympathetically.

"There is not much news," he said.

"How are all the people?" asked Bernard in a low voice. "I suppose they miss us; or no, I suppose we are forgotten by this time. It is a long time since we disappeared—months. One is remembered about nine days as a rule."

"They have not forgotten you," said St. John softly.

"And how are things going? Is the new mistress or the steward good to them?"

"Very," said St. John.

Bernard looked up.

"I am glad of that. My father said she would be. You never go to the Hall, I suppose?"

St. John colored.

"Yes, very often," he said.

"Yes?" said Bernard with some surprise. "I did not know. I had an idea that no one would call."

"My mother has called—almost everybody has now."

"Of course, if the countess has called," said Bernard.

"We know Miss Harwood very well," said St. John. "We go very often—that is, I——"

He stopped.

Bernard looked at him with faint curiosity, and something in the almost girlishly ingenuous face struck him.

"Oh," he said, "what is she like? My father saw her and raves about her; well, scarcely raves. One could not expect that, quite; but he was very much impressed by her."

"I am not surprised at that," said St. John, looking hard at his cigarette. "No one could see Miss Harwood without admiring, know her without—without——"

Bernard looked at him keenly.

"Do you mean to say, St. John," he said grimly, "that you have fallen in love with the girl?"

St. John's face flushed.

"Yes," he said simply.

Bernard laughed sardonically.

"By George! she is a lucky young woman. She gets possession of one of the best old places in the county, and catches the very best man in it. So Miss Harwood is to wear the Lisle coronet?"

St. John rose, pale to the lips.

"What—what has come to you, Bernard?" he exclaimed, more in sorrow than in anger, though there was a flash of indignation in his eyes. "You—you speak as if Miss Harwood were a—a designing little huntress; as if—as if she were not worthy to be loved or to be the wife of the highest. You do not know her; you wrong her cruelly by such words and such a tone! Bernard, I did not expect that you would receive my confidence in this way. Why are you so bitter, so unjust?"

Bernard put his hand on St. John's arm, and gently forced him into the chair again.

"I beg your pardon, St. John," he said gravely, very gravely; "you are right. I have no business to speak of Miss Harwood in those terms. As you say, I do not know her."

"Indeed; indeed you do not!" St. John broke in earnestly. "I quite forgive you, Bernard. I can understand it; it is only natural that you should be prejudiced against her. So was I until I saw her; but you must not forget that she has the Hall——"

"By just right, I know," said Bernard. "I know! For Heaven's sake say no more on that point. And so," he continued, more gently, "you have fallen in love with her! Well, young 'un—you must let me say it still—she is a very fortunate young lady."

St. John made a gesture of contradiction.

"You do not know her. I tell you that no man is worthy of her. It is not only because she is beautiful—and she is very lovely"—his voice grew almost inaudible—but she is—oh, what is the use? I could not explain to you—could not lead you to see with my eyes. Think of Miss Damerel, Bernard, and realize that I love Christine—Miss Harwood—as deeply, as passionately as you love the woman you are going to marry."

Bernard stooped to pick up a live coal with which to light his pipe.

"And when is the marriage to be?" he asked.

St. John shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. Perhaps—never!"

Bernard dropped the coal in his amazement.

"Do you mean to say that she has refused you?"

"Yes," said St. John, sadly. "You see now how completely you misjudged her."

"But—but——" said Bernard; "I can't understand! Why"—and his lips tightened sardonically again—"upon my word I don't know any unmarried girl of my acquaintance who would refuse you!"

St. John bit his lip.

"Then it is a pity you do not know Christine—I mean Miss Harwood," he said. "But you wrong womankind in general. I do not know what has come to you, Bernie! You—seem changed, hard, cynical."

He looked at the haggard face with a pained bewilderment.

Bernard rose and sighed.

"I think I am changed! Perhaps I haven't got over the results of my illness; perhaps it's the loss of the old place; perhaps—— Oh, confound it! what does it matter? Well, St. John"—he laid his hand on St. John's shoulder—"changed as I am, I have enough of your old friend in me to wish your heart's desire. God alone knows whether, if you get it, it will bring you happiness; but anyhow, I wish that you may get it. I see you love her, and—— Well, well; good luck to you, young 'un. Excuse me; I will put my coat on, and we'll go round to Felicia's."

While he was in the other room Sir Terence came in.

St. John thought him much aged.

Sir Terence greeted him with affectionate warmth—St. John had always been a favorite of his—then, glancing towards the next room, said, in an anxious undertone—

"And—and how do you think Bernie is looking, St. John, eh?"

St. John, who was truth itself, tried to say "Very well," but failed.

Sir Terence sighed and went and looked at the fire.

"I don't know what is the matter with him," he said, as much to himself as to St. John, "I thought that he had quite got over his illness, but—but I'm glad you've come up, my dear boy, and I hope if you're going to stop that you will see a great deal of him. He was always very fond of you, St. John."

St. John couldn't say how long he was going to stay in London, but did say that he should certainly spend a good deal of time with Bernard.

"He is going to take me around to Miss Damerel's," he added, rather shyly.

"Felicia's? Ah, yes!" said Sir Terence. "I have just seen her portrait," said St. John. "She is very beautiful."

"Yes, Felicia is very beautiful," assented Sir Terence. "Bernie ought to be happy." He gazed thoughtfully and with knitted brows at the opposite wall. "I am glad you are going to see her. You will like her. Yes, you cannot help it. You must tell me what you think of her," he added, rather at variance with the assertion that St. John must like her. Then he said with a slight shake in his voice, "And—and how are things going at home, my boy?"

St. John knew that he meant at Rainford.

"Very well, Sir Terence," he said.

"She—Miss Harwood—is liked, popular?"

St. John went to the window to hide the sudden flush that rose to his face.

"She is more than liked, Sir Terence," he said. "The people have already learned to know the sweetness of her nature and to love her."

"Yes, yes!" said Sir Terence, eagerly, but with a sigh. "I thought it would be so. I only saw her for a few minutes, but I thought I had never seen a sweeter face, or truer, kinder eyes. Hush! here is Bernie. He—he does not care to hear anything about her. It is not unnatural. Poor fellow! And you are going to let us see a lot of you, St. John? Right; we must get up a little dinner for you at the club; we must treat you like the young man from the country, as you are, you know—as you are!"

"My father has aged," said Bernie sadly, as the cab took them to Felicia's "and little wonder. He has never uttered a word of complaint—never a word; but I—and only I—know what the loss of the place cost him."

"But he will be happy in your happiness," said St. John.

"Yes," assented Bernard, but he waited to say it until after he had lit a cigarette, and there was a strange reserve in the single word.

Miss Damerel was in, and St. John followed Bernard up to the drawing-room. Felicia was seated by the fire, and as she rose to meet them with a touch of color in her face, St. John thought that, with the exception of Christine, he had never seen a more beautiful woman. He looked at her with all a young man's admiration and worship for feminine loveliness in its eyes; then as he looked, gradually there crept over his first impression a vague disappointment. It was like a cloud passing over the sun—a small cloud, that still is large enough to cast a shadow.

Something—something vague and indefinite—marred her wonderful beauty. Was it that the eyes were cold, that the lips were a trifle—the merest trifle—too thin? What was it? St. John could not have told if his life had depended on it; but he felt the speck—the blemish—whatever it was.

She was very kind and gracious to him.

"Bernard has often spoken of you to me, Lord St. John," she said. "It was good of you to come so soon. And you shall have your reward. Tea is just coming in; we shall have it all to ourselves this afternoon for Mrs. Dennison is out calling. Mrs. Dennison is the lady who lives with me and plays propriety and watch-dog. For I am a lonely bachelor, Lord St. John."

As she gave them their tea and talked, St. John watched and listened. Be sure he compared her with his own mistress—every lover does that—and be sure that he found that there was was no comparison. There was always that "something" about Felicia Damerel which had struck him during the first five minutes passed by. What was it?

He could not fail to see that she loved Bernard; it shone in her eyes, as every now and then they sought his; it revealed itself in her voice when she spoke to, or of, him, her very form was eloquent of it as she lent forward to hand him a book. Yes, St. John saw that she loved Bernard, and he felt somehow that, as is so frequently the case, this was another instance of "loving and being loved," and began to suspect that Bernard played the latter and passive part.

"We are going to the theatre to-night. Mrs Dennison has a passion for the drama," Felicia said. "You shall dine with us if you promise to be good, and see the play, too. It is a very good box."

"All right," said Bernard, "I hope it is something cheerful."

Felicia laughed.

"No; Mrs. Dennison loved the gloomy and tragic. We are going to the Lyceum."

"There's time to back out, St. John," said Bernard; but St. John expressed himself as delighted at the prospect, and the two men went away to dress.

The dinner was a charming one. Felicia

looked dazzlingly beautiful in her evening dress, and talked almost as brilliantly as she looked.

But Bernard did not seem to respond to or reflect her brilliance. He listened with a smile that struck St. John as almost absent and preoccupied; all the same he was as attentive to her as the most exacting of mistresses could desire. Mrs. Dennison was just a nonentity, and played the part cast for her to perfection. They dined early, and did not sit long over the meal—which was perfectly cooked and served with a kind of splendor which indicated Miss Damerel's wealth—as Mrs. Dennison was anxious to see the beginning of the play.

St John looked round the theatre with a sigh—a lover's sigh of desire for the presence of his mistress. If only Christine were by his side! If only!

The house was a good one, and nods and bows of recognition and greeting were directed to the box of the popular beauty, and her unfortunate fiance.

Bernard returned the nods, then leant back in his chair and looked, not at the stage, but at his boots.

St. John watched the play, but he was thinking of Christine all the time, and wondering whether he dared find her out on the morrow and call.

The first act was going on, as it always goes at the Lyceum, in splendid form, when St. John saw the slight movement taking place in the stalls which is always occasioned by the entrance of a late comer.

His attention distracted from the stage, he looked down and saw that the cause of the trouble was Lord Stoyle.

He made his way in his usual leisurely fashion past the knees of the people in his row, and, sinking into his seat, leant back and languidly surveyed the house through his eyeglass.

As his wandering glance reached their box, St. John saw Miss Damerel start, and grow suddenly pale.

Lord Stoyle kept his eyes upon the box for a moment or two, inclined his head, then turned his attention to the stage. St. John fancied that he saw a peculiar smile cross the solid, impassive face.

The curtain went down on the first act, and a buzz of conversation arose.

"There is Lord Stoyle in the stalls, Bernard," St. John remarked, innocently—he had not heard of the quarrel and coolness between the two men.

"Oh, is he?" said Bernard, laconically.

"Lord Stoyle?" said Felicia, in a tone of polite interest. "Where is he, Lord St. John?"

St. John indicated the place where Lord Stoyle was sitting, but as he did so he was conscious of a feeling of surprise.

Why had Miss Damerel started and turned pale at the sight of Lord Stoyle, and why did she pretend that she had not seen him or returned his bow? What did it mean?

CHAPTER XXXV.

LADY DOCKITT had a very nice little house in Emly street. Though not patronized by "society" Emly street was not altogether unfashionable; indeed, it was just suited to the window of a City knight and Lady Dockitt was quite satisfied with it and with the little circle of friends and acquaintances who, though not themselves the creme de la creme, and rather in society than of it, were very nice people.

She had sent some servants to Emly street, and she and Nance found the house quite ready for them, and, to Nance's eyes, very charming and comfortable. Lady Dockitt had found Nance very quiet all the journey up, but had no idea of the cause. Nance had learned to bide the secrets and sorrows of her heart, and had said nothing of St. John's approval.

"Perhaps," said Lady Dockitt, as they sat alone at dinner on the first night of their arrival, "you'll find London rather dull after Rainford; since the people took to calling it has been so very pleasant and bright; and lively; and Lord St. John, too, he was called every day, I think. You will miss him, my dear, I am afraid."

"Yes," said Nance in a low voice, "I shall miss him."

Lady Dockitt looked at her curiously, but though Nance kept her eyes upon her plate, she did not color or show any embarrassment. In all her life Lady Dockitt had never known any young girl so reticent. It was as she had once said to Mr. Graham, like living with a very beautiful Sphinx.

"I hope you won't find it dull," she went on. "We must see what we can do. Of course," she added, "we could not go to any parties, or have a lot of people here."

"Oh, no!" said Nance very quietly.

"But I really don't think there would be any harm in our going to, say, very small dinner-parties or an 'at home,' Of course, you are in mourning still, the circumstances——" She paused significantly.

"Dear Lady Dockitt," said Nance, "I do not want to go out or to see people. I am quite content to be with you and you alone. We shall be very happy in this charming little house, and do not trouble about me."

"Yes, that's all very well, my dear. But I have my duty to perform towards you. It is not well that you should be shut up here with only an old woman for company. Young girls want society, amusement. Besides, after the mild gaiety we have had at the Hall, you would feel the change more than you think. It is not as if you had been used to the companionship of an old lady only."

Lady Dockitt was very proud of her, and Nance's, admission to the society of the Rainford county families.

But Nance, remembering the old days which she had spent in the sole companionship of a tipsy uncle, sighed softly as she said—

"I will do whatever you wish, Lady Dockitt. But please remember that I do not want any society, as I am quite happy alone with you."

"Without even Lord St. John?" asked Lady Dockitt archly.

Nance did color now, but very faintly.

"Without even Lord St. John," she said, "though I should be very glad to see him."

Lady Dockitt, as she rose from the table, put her arm round Nance's white neck, and kissed her.

"You are quite the sweetest girl I have ever known, Christine," she said. "If you were only a little less grave and serious you would be perfect, but perhaps you will be in time. Who knows?"

Nance smiled rather sadly.

"It is always to be hoped that the leopard will change his spots," she said.

But, notwithstanding her declaration of perfect contentment and happiness, she was forced to admit to herself, as she sat before the fire with a book in her hand, that she felt rather sad and lonely.

She thought a great deal of Lord St. John, for, though she did not love him as he wanted to be loved, she had grown very fond of him. She was full of pity for him, and also for herself; and with the pity for herself mingled a sense of dread akin to despair. Some other man, perhaps men, might ask her to be their wife; the same terrible scene which she had gone through with St. John would have to be enacted again. And it had cost her so much—too much. She felt that she could not bear it again. Her flesh tingled with shame as she imagined the horror that St. John would have felt and shown if she had told him the real reason why she could not marry him; why she was not worthy to be the wife of any man. She hoped that she should not see him again, at any rate for a long time. But she sighed as she formed the wish, for she had grown to regard him as a friend; had learnt to rely upon him as if he had been her brother.

Then she thought of Cyril and Miss Damerel. Were they married yet? She supposed they must be. She had purposely avoided looking at the marriage announcements in the newspapers or the society journals.

She lay awake the greater part of the night thinking, both of Cyril and St. John, and she was rather paler than usual when she came down to breakfast the next morning.

Lady Dockitt was all on the qui vive with the prospect of shopping. Nance would infinitely have preferred to stay at home, but the joys of purchasing were, in Lady Dockitt's opinion, like matrimony, doubled by being shared, and Nance could not in her heart refuse to go with her.

They went from shop to shop—Lady Dockitt flushed with that joy that comes from spending money, and Nance pleased with her friend's pleasure; and at last, weary and hungered, started for home and luncheon.

As they were coming out of Howell and James', two gentlemen, strolling up Regent street arm in arm, stopped with a mutual exclamation. They were Sir Terence and St. John. St. John's face flushed with a lover's surprise and joy, Sir Terence's lit up with pleasure, and emotion hard to describe.

"Miss Harwood! How fortunate I am. I did not expect—hope—to meet you!" stammered St. John, for whom that rather prosaic thoroughfare, Waterloo-place, was instantly transformed into one of the leading avenues of Paradise.

"Lord St. John was just telling me that you were in town, Miss Harwood," said Sir Terence, bending, bareheaded, over her hand in his old-world fashion, "and I was sharing his grief at his ignorance of your address. This is Lady Dockitt? Will you introduce me?"

The old man warmed up at the meeting, and was once again, if only temporarily, "Evergreen Yorke."

Lady Dockitt was very pleased to make the acquaintance of so famous a man, and as the gentlemen put the ladies into the carriage, Nance heard Lady Dockitt say, in the most hospitable of tones—

"Yes, come this afternoon, and in time for tea."

"What a delightful old gentleman!" she exclaimed, as the carriage drove off. "I wish now that I had asked them to come back with us to lunch."

Nance said nothing. She was half glad, half sorry that St. John had discovered them so quickly. His eyes, eager, imploring, and yet mute, haunted her.

The two gentlemen arrived in very good time for tea, and the brightness, caused by his meeting with Nance, still remained with Sir Terence.

He drew up a chair besides hers, and, smiling at her as if he had known her for years, he began to talk of London; but Nance, who knew that he was yearning for tidings of the old home, delicately led the conversation in the direction of Rainford; and while St. John talked with Lady Dockitt (and looked absently at Nance), she related every little bit of village gossip she could remember, and all the news of the place.

Sir Terence listened eagerly, occasionally murmuring, "Yes, yes!" and asking questions.

"And old Giles at the Home Farm, how is he? Poor old fellow, his rheumatism was rather bad last winter."

"Old Giles has been pensioned off," said Nance; "and his nephew, who has come back from sea, and is going to marry Annie, the housemaid——"

"Yes, yes! Good girl, Annie!"

"Has taken old Giles's place. One or two of the old people who haven't anyone to look after then are going into the almshouses that we are building at the bottom of Red lane. I hope you will like them, Sir Terence!"

"Yes, yes?" he murmured, with a sudden moisture in his eyes, as he turned them on hers. "My dear—I beg your pardon!" he faltered.

Nance colored, but not with offence.

"Please call me what you like," she said, in a very low voice.

He laid his hand—it shook a little; it has been said that he had aged—on hers.

"It was a good thing for Rainford when the wild Yorkes left and you came, my dear," he said, simply. "The old order giveth place to the new. I don't mean"—he broke off hurriedly—"anything disparagingly by the word 'new,' my dear: what I mean is that a family wears itself out just as a nation does, and then—well, then it is time to disappear, and give place to fresh vigor and younger blood."

St John laughed gently.

"The Yorkes are not worn out yet, Sir Terence," he said.

Sir Terence laughed.

"I feel anything but that way," he said, beaming round on them brightly. "It is meeting you, my dear Miss Harwood, and hearing that all is going as well—no, so much better at the old place, and the tenants. You find them rather troublesome, eh?"

And he smiled.

Nance laughed softly.

"A little," she admitted. "The steward and I quarrel about them every time we meet, and Mr. Graham reads me lectures on domestic economy, and the duty due to land whenever he comes down. But I have always an answer for them both, and that is, that if the people cannot pay their rent they cannot."

Sir Terence nodded.

"Yes, yes; that's just what I say."

"But they are paying much better this quarter," said Nance. "But it will be a long time before the improvements are covered by the rents, the steward says. We are rebuilding one or two of the older farms—Hepburn's and Stokes'."

"Yes, yes! They wanted rebuilding. I—I was always going to do it, but——" He sighed, then smiled, and nodded. "Yes, it was a good thing when we went, and it would have been better if we had gone years ago. But it is a beautiful place. You are growing fond of it?"

"Yes," replied Nance. "I did not think I could grow so fond of a place in so short a time. But they are all so kind and grateful for any little thing one does."

"Such trifles as rebuilding a whole farmhouse and charging no rent," put in St. John, who had caught the last words. "My father says that Miss Harwood is demoralizing the whole county, and that the rest of the landlords will have to sell out and retire to Boulogne. He says it's wonderful how much harm a good angel can do in a place."

"Do not listen to him, Sir Terence," said Nance blushing. "You must come down and judge for yourself. Will you?" And her lovely eyes sought his invitingly.

Sir Terence hesitated a moment, then he said in a low voice—

"Yes, I will. You are very good to ask me, my dear. Yes, I will come. I—I should like to see the old place again."

"When will you come?" asked Nance, in her direct fashion.

Sir Terence thought a moment.

"My son is going to be married presently, and I shall be left alone," he sighed, "and I will be glad to come then. Very glad." He paused a moment, then he said as simply as Nance herself, had spoken, "If anyone had told me that I should have accepted an invitation, that I could have borne to go to the Hall as a visitor, I should not have believed them; but—but I feel as if I had known you for a very long time; and you have robbed my loss of all its bitterness—yes, of all its bitterness, if not all its sadness. How is it, my dear?" And he touched her hand again with his thin white one.

Something in his voice, in his gaze, brought the tears to her eyes.

"I don't know," she said, and she did not remove her hand, "I wish that you had never lost the Hall, or that I had not got it."

"Hush, hush!" he said. "Dear, dear, I am forgetting a most important piece of business. Are you ladies engaged to-morrow night? No? How fortunate; my old friend Lady Grandison has one of her 'At Homes' to-morrow night, and, thinking that she might not have known you were in London, and so did not send you a card, I informed her of your arrival, and have brought a couple of cards with me." And he produced them with a smile and a bow.

Lady Dockitt throbbed with pleasure and satisfaction. She knew that though her and Christine's arrival had been trumpeted in Lady Grandison's ears, that principal leader of society would not have dreamed of sending a card for one of her famous receptions, and quite understood and appreciated Sir Terence's thoughtfulness.

"How very good of you, Sir Terence!" she exclaimed, as she took the precious pieces of cardboard emblazoned with the Grandison's coat of arms, and requesting the pleasure of Lady Dockitt's and Miss Harwood's presence at Grandison House, Music. "I think we can go; it is not a dance, dear?" And she looked imploringly at Nance.

Nance would much have preferred to remain at home, but, as usual, she had not the heart to inflict disappointment.

"Very well," she said, quietly.

Lord St. John, who had been looking from one to the other in a state of suspense, drew a breath of relief.

"I shall see you there," he said in a low tone to Nance, in the voice a man uses when he has a prospect of a great joy before him. "It is a wonderful place, and the music is always superb. It is always perfect."

"And one can hear it in comfort," said Terence, as he rose. "Lady Grandison never crowds her rooms; there is a seat for all, and a comfortable one. But it is rather trying sometimes for an old chatterbox like myself; you must not talk, not a word, while the music is on."

"One would as soon think of talking in church as at one of Lady Grandison's functions," said St. John. "Those who prefer conversation to music can go into the winter gardens—have you ever heard of them, Chris—Miss Harwood?"

"Christine may not, but I have," said Lady Dockitt, with an air of pride; "they are wonderful, magnificent, are they not? I am so longing to see them! It is so good of you to get cards for us, Sir Terence."

And so St. John led the old man away, beaming with the pleasure of seeing and talking to Nance, and covered, as it were, by the glamor of Lady Dockitt's gratitude.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"OH," she cried, "if I could only see myself as others see me!" "It wouldn't do," said he. "It would make you too conceited." And then she smiled upon him all the rest of the evening.

SONG-SPIRITS.

BY T. F.

Through the gold of starlight descending,
Through the luminous fire of the sun,
A numberless troop never ending,
Celestial, unshadowed each one,
They float down the infinite spaces,
A murmurous mystical throng,
With smiles or with tears on their faces,
And each is the Soul of a Song.

And the poets for ever are weaving
New garments of glory and grace,
And framing fresh forms for receiving
Each beautiful soul in its place.
But it is not the silver words' chiming
That breathes through the verse sweet and strong,
It is not the music of rhyming
That lives, but the Soul of the Song!

Outcast Willie.

BY H. H.

"WHAT sort of Beast was it?" asked little Esmy of Willie, on whose knees she was sitting.

"I don't know," said Willie, "but he looked a horrid Beast. Well, where were we in the story? Oh, yes, he was dying under the rose tree! But, just in time to save him, Beauty came running down the garden; and she said, 'I love you, poor Beast! Don't die!' And all at once it turned into a Prince."

"Oh—how?"

"The poor Beast was really a Prince all the time; but he was under a spell until some one should love him; and it did not seem likely that anybody would be in love with such an ugly Beast. But then Beauty was in love with him, and that changed him into a Prince."

"What does 'in love' mean?" asked six-years old Esmy, puzzled.

Before the big, uncouth, freckled-faced boy could answer, there was a heavy footstep outside, and the door opened.

"Idling as usual! I thought I heard your tongue going, Willie." A big red-faced man strode in, and snatched the child away so hastily that she almost cried. "If you don't work better, my lad, I'll make you! Idleness is the beginning of all evil; you'll be a beggar on the streets yet!"

The little fair-haired girl fled from the room in a fright. Master Willie bent his red head over the account-book.

"I send you into the office in the evenings to work and to keep out of mischief," said the angry master. "Here you are at your desk, an idler, wasting my gas and talking nonsense to my wife's child—teaching her slang, I suppose! You have no business with Esmy at all."

The lad bit his lip and flushed—his uncle's little step-child was the only brightness in his life. His hand shook and the ink dropped from his pen.

The irate uncle stopped walking up and down.

"There's temper!" he said tauntingly. "Won't bear to be told of your faults. Take that, then!"—boxing the boy's ear.

The lad was too proud to show how it stung; but he could not help the deeper red on his cheeks and the scalding moisture blinding his eyes.

"Always showing temper if I say a word to you," the man went on. "It's a sign of the worst possible disposition that can be. You're a downright bad lad, Willie Haines; you've too much of your mother in you! Mark my words—you'll go to the bad; you'll end in disgrace and in prison!"

The boy was on his feet now.

"You may strike me, sir," he said angrily, "you may call me what you like; but my mother was an angel! I wouldn't tolerate a word against her to save my life! And, if I do go to the bad, it will be you who will have sent me there. I'm driven wild! I'll go out of the house—I'll go to sea!"

"There's a model youth of fifteen!" the uncle said, with cutting sarcasm.

Willie dashed past him, out of the office and up the house stairs.

The little girl had been waiting on the landing, in fear for Willie's sake. A pair of small arms were stretched out to him, and a sweet face was raised for a kiss.

"Good night, Willie! Mamma says I ought to be in bed, but I wanted to say 'Good night.'"

The boy stooped and kissed the child's forehead, and her silken curls swept his face.

He went up to his own room, and there stretched himself upon the floor, with his arm under his face; and his hot anger gradually cooled. He thought of the gentle little child, and of the dear mother who had died long ago. The wish to go away or to be bad because the world was hard ended in a patient sigh. Then he rose and lighted a candle, and took down from the shelf his much-worn volumes of Dickens and the Waverley novels. He knew every chapter, and he only turned over the pages to-night, wishing, as he often wildly wished, that he could be a great man, able to write books that the world would read.

* * * * * *

Twelve years later Esmy was a beautiful girl, just on the lovely borderland of womanhood, yet she was as sweetly simple as a child. Her mother was dead, and the man whom she called "Father" cared nothing for her daughter further than that she kept his house well and saved the expense of an older housekeeper. Willie Haines was still doing all the drudgery of the office, performing the work of three clerks—laboring morning, noon, and by gas-light in the closed office at night. To the few friends Willie Haines had, it was a mystery how he could endure his position—his hard work, small salary, and the abuse of a tyrant.

Willie had been in the office all day. When the clock pointed to seven, he sprang up, stretched his arms, sang a stave of the "Pinafore" in sheer relief, and then pulled down the blind, locked the door, and put the key into his pocket with the other office keys. The bell could jingle, the door would be pushed open no more that night.

In the dining-room the cloth was laid, the silver glistening—John Aspard would have raised a storm over a spot or a dull knife. Esmy had tripped down to the kitchen, too, and made sure that no dish could cause a word of blame, and the waitress was neatness itself. Then, with a peaceful mind, the little housekeeper went up to the low-ceiled drawing-room, and, in the gloaming and the firelight, ran her fingers over the old yellow-keyed pianoforte.

"Ah, it is hopeless! I can play on it no more," she sighed.

"I am thinking of buying you another piano," said a voice.

She started. Willie was in the arm-chair in the half-darkness at the other side of the fire.

"I am in earnest, Esmy. I thought of it a long time. Come—tell me—shall it be an Erard or a Broadwood?"

Esmy was astounded. Where could Willie obtain money to gratify her fancies? And, even if he had money, how could she bear to deprive him of it? Dear generous Willie—she could not think of such a thing! So she began to laugh, and said—

"When I have a new piano, it shall be nothing less than the thousand-guinea one that Mrs. May saw in Paris;" and she ran through a waltz, with the utmost recklessness.

Willie lighted the candles.

"Thank you, Willie," she said; "but I like firelight."

"But I prefer to see you," he answered; "and I don't call that firelight. That is fire-darkness."

Esmy stopped playing; the notes were too excruciating.

Willie had crossed to the arm-chair at the corner near her; the light of the wax-tapers shed a radiance round her as she sat at the piano. She was very fair, with a soft oval face; her hair made a glory about her forehead and was braided close to the little head in some exquisite way of her own. She had a simple gray dress on, with a spray of ivy near one side of the neck.

Willie's heart sank. How could he, an uncouth clumsy fellow, abused in her hearing every day, despised as bad and worthless by her father, have the audacity to love beautiful Esmy and to think of winning her from all the admiring world? No one had ever loved him since long ago, when his mother died; even his companions joked about him—despised him for remaining in bondage at his uncle Aspard's. Esmy had let him kiss her and had climbed on to his knees in the far-off time, when she was a little child; but now—oh, no! He altered his purpose; despair chilled him. How could he dare to speak? Not to-night—perhaps never! So the chance was lost.

After ten minutes had passed, during which neither of them spoke, she allowing her fingers to wander lightly over the keys of the piano, Aspard came in, and they dined.

After dinner, John Aspard, who had taken the keys from Willie and gone to the office, returned to the dining-room.

"Where did you put the chamois bag that was in the office cupboard?"

"What cupboard, sir?"

"What nonsense! Is there more than one cupboard? It was on the shelf where I keep my lunch biscuits."

"I took nothing out of the cupboard," Willie answered; "I'll go and see if I can find it."

"Oh, no, my lad," cried the uncle, striding rapidly before him down the hall to the office; "you don't get the chance of putting anything back and smoothing the matter over!"

"Putting what back?" exclaimed Willie, annoyed.

"I left a hundred and fifty pounds there yesterday," said John Aspard, turning and looking sharply at Willie—"four bank-notes—two fifties, two twenties—and ten sovereigns in a chamois leather bag."

"There must be a mistake, sir; I kept the keys safely all day," Willie protested; "and, when you were out yesterday, I had them on the desk before me all the time."

"Quite so," returned John Aspard shortly. "You may go back to your letter-writing."

He was so gruff that Willie took him at his word and left him.

A few minutes later, John Aspard, with a very dark look on his face, entered the dining-room. His nephew, looking up from his writing, saw that he had a jeweler's morocco case in his hand; and Willie's face turned first very red and then deathly pale, and he stood up staggeringly.

John Aspard opened the case; inside it, on blue velvet, lay a necklet and ear-rings of gold sparkling with small jewels.

"When did you buy this trumpery?" he asked.

"Yesterday evening," was the answer. "I saw them marked cheap at Galotti's; they are old. I bought them with my own money; they were worth——"

"What do I care how much they are worth, you thief, whom I took in as a ragged orphan and have fed at my table?"

The angry man threw the jewels upon the floor. Willie Haines picked them up, and, pale even to his lips, faced his uncle.

"I have never done a dishonest act in my life! Now I shall leave your house for ever!"

"Yes, my young friend, whether you like it or not! Never come near my door again! And it's only by my mercy," said John Aspard—"my most undeserved mercy—that you are not going from my house, under the care of the police, straight to a prison-cell!"

Willie Haines, going up to his room, returned shortly with his few belongings packed in a portmanteau.

"I thank you for taking me in," he said; "but I have tried to work in return. I have worked hard for fifteen years—ever since I was a lad of twelve. I am not ungrateful for what you have done for me, uncle Aspard, but I can't—I can't stand it any longer! I could tell you where I got the money for that, but——"

"Every thief has a ready excuse!" laughed Aspard. "Go—go and keep honest! I won't have it in the newspapers that I sent my nephew to prison, but some one else will send you there as sure as your name is Willie Haines! A bad lot the Haineses were—a bad lot!"

Willie could not trust himself to hear his mother's name dishonored; so he hurried out of the house and slammed the door after him.

Esmy, who had gone with her friends the Mays to a dance at the little Town Hall of Harborough, could not account for the nervous feeling of dread that had taken possession of her that night. She was looking her best, as the mirrors told her, with forget-me-nots twisted in her bright hair, and with every curl crisp and shining, while her eyes sparkled and her cheeks kept cool, with just a touch of peach-blossom color; but an unaccountable fear chilled her all the time. She was beautifully dressed, too, in softest white, with a cluster of forget-me-nots in her bosom. Amid the jewels and bright dresses this simple girl, in her white gown and forget-me-nots, was the most bewitching figure of all. She had some of the best partners too. Why could she not enjoy it all?

Her most persevering partner was a bronzed young lieutenant home on leave from India. When he could not secure a dance, he leaned against the wall, trying to induce her to talk to him. He was talking to her when Alan May went whirling by with his partner, a big bouncing girl who danced like Matilda Jane in the Breitmann ballad—

"And when she danced
She made the windows pound."

Alan's heart was not with this fair lady, nor were his eyes with her either. He saw Esmy Wynn laughing at something that Lieutenant Noble had said; and he felt a sudden hatred of him. As soon as he was released by his partner, he went directly to Esmy. The orchestra was beginning a new waltz.

The smile had disappeared from Esmy's face: her inexplicable anxiety had come back. The pale blue flowers moved as if she sighed.

Alan May playfully pointed to his white cuff, where her name was pencilled. He had made Esmy write her own name there, and her little hand had trembled in doing so. The lieutenant had to give her up to Alan May, whom he thought lanky and gauche, a young man of decidedly provincial manners. He wondered what such a charming girl could find to like in him.

"I am afraid you were not expecting me," said Alan, as they glided away through the gay crowd.

"Yes," she answered; "I remembered that it was your waltz."

Esmy was always candid; there was no coquetry in her heart.

"Well," said Alan, "I really thought you gave a sigh when you saw me coming!"

Esmy tried to laugh.

"There is something depressing me to-night; I can hardly dance."

"With me too there is something the matter. Pain here!" said Alan, tapping his left side. "A fellow's heart is not——"

"Oh, that will get better!" Esmy interrupted, as unconcernedly as she could, but unable to restrain a smile. Then she became suddenly grave. "Alan, please take me out in the cool air; I can't dance. I must rest."

"You ought to have some supper, Esmy. Or will you have an ice? Come with me."

He was leading her away.

"No, Alan, thank you; I can't take anything. But it's cool out in the hall—the great marble hall."

The young man led her thither.

"Are you better, Esmy—dear Esmy?" Alan asked presently, looking into her artless blue eyes.

"Yes, thank you"—drawing back from his arm.

The band in the ball-room was playing "My Queen."

"I wonder," he said suddenly, "how many here to-night sing 'My Queen' in their hearts? Do you know, I do!"

The girl had never seen Alan so serious before; his seriousness startled her. She asked him to take her back to the ball-room, saying she was quite well again. Then suddenly she stared through the glass of the doors into the street. She saw there the face of Willie Haines, who had been as a brother to her all her life, though there was no tie of kindred between them. He was looking in from the steps, and his face was deathly pale.

Was it really Willie, or his ghost? Esmy ran towards the glass doors, but he was gone. Alan May had not seen him; but he had seen Alan May—Alan, the honored son of a wealthy house—looking like a lover into Esmy's face. How could he, Will Haines, plain, clumsy, poor, dare to hope for such a prize? He could not; hope was at an end. He disappeared that night from Harborough—an outcast.

Esmy Wynn grieved for weeks, until her step-father became irritable at the very sight of her. Why should she think that he had treated the unprincipled young man badly? he asked. He had not sent Haines to prison, as Haines deserved. At last he became so tyrannical that the Mays took Esmy with them to London for a season. Alan had gone to Scotland; young Noble had returned to India—rejected.

Before the season ended a letter came one morning to Mrs. May.

"My dear," she said to Esmy when she had read it, "young Haines wants to see me. Don't be startled! He is very ill—dying. I dare say he has had a very dissipated time——"

"Dying?" cried Esmy, interrupting. "Oh, tell me—where is he? I must go to him!"

"My dear!"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. May"—the tears came streaming down the girl's cheeks—"Willie and I were always together; he was like a brother! Oh, do take me with you! I must see Willie again!"

"Pray be calm, dear," said Mrs. May, not unkindly. "He has no idea that you are here. He wants to make some explanation to me alone."

"All the same, take me!" the girl begged passionately.

So Mr. May and Esmy drove together right across London in a miserable house in a narrow noisy street of the East-end.

The untidy landlady who admitted them whispered to Mrs. May that the gentleman upstairs was worse off than he would confess to be. They hurried upstairs, and Esmy, waiting on the landing while Mrs. May went into the room, heard the well-known voice inside. There was no one to see her; so she sat down upon the stairs and rested her veiled face on her little hand, and, as the moments dragged slowly by, she wept and longed to see the unhappy outcast.

At last the door opened, Mrs. May coming out and closing it after her.

"Esmy," she whispered, "you mustn't be frightened; he's very poor and very ill. He thinks you are in Harborough, and sent for me to ask me to tell you something, so that you wouldn't believe him guilty when he was gone."

"But I never believed him guilty!" the girl exclaimed proudly.

"Hush! He wants you to know that he made a lot of money by writing while he was in Harborough, and that it was all to be for you. Then he came to London and ran through it; and"—shaking her head—"I'm afraid he has gone down in every way."

"I must see Willie!" Esmy said persistently. "All the world shall know that he is innocent!"

"They won't believe it, dear, if the money is not found. But come in when next I open the door;" and Mrs. May disappeared again.

The sick man, wrapped in dressing-gown and shawls, was propped up in a chair near the window of the bare and wretched-looking room. His face flushed when Esmy appeared; but her first words reassured him.

"I always knew it, Willie," she said; and her tears were difficult to restrain when she saw the dear familiar eyes raised to hers from such a sunken face. "My poor brother!"—with frank compassion. "I was always fond of you, Willie, so I came with Mrs. May to see you."

"Let me kiss your hand," he said, after the interview had lasted a few minutes.

Esmy gave him both hands, saying—

"Poor Willie, you must get well and see us often."

Haines saw the tears in her eyes, and knew that some one loved him. He detained Mrs. May when Esmy was gone.

"I shouldn't have come to this if I had lived as I ought to have done," he gasped; "I've been on the road to ruin. It's better to die than go farther; but to live! Oh, if I could live, what would I not be now?"

Esmy went back to Harborough and related what she had seen and heard; but John Aspard would not believe her.

* * * * * *

The slow years passed. It was three summers after the interview with the sick man that Esmy received a letter from Mrs. May.

"Dearest Esmy—The ship has arrived at last from New Zealand. As it happens, my husband and Captain Bennet are old friends. The Captain gives the best accounts of young Haines, who, it seems, after a time became quite an active citizen and a public benefactor in Auckland; his means however, poor fellow, are not yet large. But the best news was with regard to his conduct on the way home. They had fever among the sailors, and the other passengers were terrified; but Haines left his cabin and went and nursed the worst cases, and was of the greatest assistance to the doctor. Captain Bennet tells my husband that the men worshipped Haines. 'And well they might,' he says—'the man has a noble heart!'"

Esmy's tears—triumphant tears—blotted her friend's letter. So Willie had arrived on this side of the world again, with his character retrieved, with a noble future before him! But did he ever think of her?

In the little panelled dining-room—the very room from which Willie had gone forth an outcast—she told the heart-stirring news she had heard of him. Old John Aspard listened coldly.

"But, if he did not take the money, who did?" he said. "I am glad he is not a convict; but his present conduct does not blot out his past dishonesty and meanness—yes, meanness! He constantly took my lunch biscuits from that shelf; but trifles of that kind I let pass. One hundred and fifty pounds however was a little too much to overlook."

Hurt and helpless, the girl left the room. Something drew her towards the open door of the office; the venetian blind was drawn for the night, but the last rays of the summer sunlight shone through its laths. The door of the hated cupboard was slightly open; nothing valuable had been kept there since the disappearance of the hundred and fifty pounds. Esmy started nervously. There was a rattling and scuttling sound behind the wainscot.

She listened a moment, and then lighted a taper and opened the cupboard door to look in; a great gray rat dashed across the shelf and disappeared. Esmy screamed and dropped the taper. But she lighted it again quickly, and proceeded to examine the cupboard, to see where the rat had gone.

John Aspard, having heard the girl's shriek, came in.

"There are rats here!" cried Esmy. "There is a hole; if you put your hand behind the door-post, you will feel it."

Esmy did not move from the spot until half an hour later, when a workman removed the woodwork and laid open the rat-hole for a distance of three feet from the opening on the shelf. As he did so, two rats sprang out, but the workman's terrier seized and killed them; another escaped through a crevice in the old wall. In their nest were torn biscuit-bags, a gnawed piece of chamois-leather, ten dusty sovereigns, and the ragged remains of two twenty-pound notes and two fifty-pound notes!

"Heaven forgive me!" exclaimed John Aspard. "I wronged the lad!"

Esmy uttered but three words—

"My poor Willie!"

* * * * * *

The marriage bells are ringing joyously. John Aspard has made amends—the whole town knows the story—and he has decked the bride with jewels that cost a hundred and fifty pounds—the exact amount that was stolen by the rats.

As the carriage whirls away with Haines and his bride safe in each other's keeping for evermore, Esmy says, with a liquid sparkle in her blue eyes—

"Oh, Willie, do you know what Captain Bennet said of you? It made me so proud and happy, and would have made me so even if you had never stooped to care for such a little thing as I am! He said 'The man has a noble heart.'"

"Stooped!" echoes Willie, in tender reproach. "It was you that stooped to me, Esmy." He tried to laugh. "It was like the story of Beauty and the Beast, my darling, which I used to tell you when you were very little. I was but a poor brute; I should have died had you not pitied me!"

TOO INTERESTED TO BE AGREEABLE.

It is pleasant to have a public official—a postmaster, for instance—interested in his work; pleasant also, in a small town, to have him individually interested in the little public whom he serves. But this interest may be carried too far to be agreeable.

That assistant master, for instance, in a school in a small country town to whom the following little incident occurred, was no doubt assured of the amiable official's interest in his love affairs, but it is not equally sure that he welcomed it with gratitude.

He was betrothed to a very charming girl in the village from which he came, and was in the habit of carrying on a brisk correspondence with her.

One day, when he had just posted a letter and was turning away from the post office door, he heard his name called, and looking back saw the benevolent old postmaster racing after him, waving a white envelope, on which there was no inscription.

"Beg pardon!" cried the old gentleman, excitedly, as he caught up, "but there is nothing written on this letter you just posted. Don't you want to address it to Miss Jervis?"

This is matched by the anecdote related by a lady who, during the months of her engagement, received frequent visits from her lover, who lived in a town at some distance.

One morning, as she ran to the door to get the letter, the postman, who was openly reading a postal card in his hand, looked up from its perusal and, with kind consideration, relieved her suspense as to the news.

"He ain't coming this week," he announced cheerfully, "but he will next week, sure!"

A third postal incident belongs to one of those country offices, found, as so many are, in the village grocery and general shop. The busy postmaster, his mind distracted by an unusual amount of business, had failed to deliver her letters to a lady who called for them, having told her there was nothing for her that day.

Several days later when she came again he apologized for his mistake and delivered to her a belated note, magnanimously adding—

"I should have really worried about it, Miss Brown, if it hadn't been 'twas an invitation that I knew you wouldn't care about accepting. 'Taint too late now to decline, I s'pose, if 'tis all over. Accepting's different."

THEN AND NOW.—They lingered at the gate until he could finish that last remark, and she toyed with her fan, while her eyes were looking down from beneath a jaunty hat that only partially shaded her face from the light of the silvery moon. He stood gracefully on the outside, with one hand resting on the gate post and the other tracing unintelligible hieroglyphics on the panels. They were looking very sentimental, and neither spoke for some minutes, until she broke silence in a sweet musical voice.

"And you will always think as you do now, George?"

"Ever, dearest; your image is impressed upon my heart so indelibly that nothing can ever efface it. Tell me, Julia, loveliest of your sex, that I have a right to wear it there."

"Oh, you men are so deceitful!" she answered, coquettishly.

"True, Julia, men are deceitful," he said, drawing a little nearer to her and insinuating himself inside the gate, "but who, darling, could deceive you?"

"And, if I were to die, George, wouldn't you find some one else you could love as well?"

"Never, never! No one could ever fill your place in my heart."

"Oh, quit now! That ain't right," she murmured as she made a feint to remove his arm from round her waist.

"Let me hold you to my heart," he whispered passionately, "until you have consented to be mine," and he drew her nearer to him and held her tightly until he had obtained the coveted boon.

It seemed but yesterday since our weary footsteps interrupted that touching little scene, but, when we passed near the same locality at an early hour yesterday morning, ere the moon and stars had paled, and heard a gentle voice exclaim—

"No sir; you stayed out this long, and you may just as well make a night of it! I'll teach you to stay at the lodge until three o'clock in the morning, and then come fooling around my door to worry me and wake the baby! Now take that and sleep on it!"

It seemed but yesterday, that little scene at the gate, but, when we accidentally became a witness to this latter scene, we remembered it had been longer.

IT WAS THE WAITER.—A party of gentlemen were wont to amuse themselves at table by relating anecdotes, conundrums, etc. A Mr. A. was always greatly delighted at these jokes, but he never related anything himself, and being rallied on the matter, he determined that the next time he was called upon he would say something amusing. Accordingly, meeting one of the waiters soon afterwards, he asked him if he knew any good jokes or conundrums. The waiter told him that he did, and related the following—

"It is my father's child, and my mother's child, yet it is not my sister or brother," telling him at the same time that it was himself.

The gentleman bore this in mind, and at the next gathering he suddenly burst out with—

"I've got a conundrum for you."

"Propound it then," exclaimed his companions.

"It is my father's child, and my mother's child, yet it is not my sister or brother," said the gentleman, throwing a triumphant glance round the table.

"Then it must be yourself," said one of the company.

"I've got you now," said he; "you are wrong this time; it is the waiter."

A shout of laughter interrupted A., who perceiving the mess he had got into, acknowledged his error, and told the company that he would pay for the wine. That was A's last effort.

"How do you like my summer suit?" asked Leander. "Pretty well," replied Hero doubtfully, and then added, "But I think I should like you better in a walking suit." He sat wrapped in silent thought for about five minutes, and then got up and walked away slowly in the suit he had on.

Scientific and Useful.

THE HELIOGRAPH.—The new heliograph recently completed for Portland Heights, Oregon, will make a flash that at 100 miles will appear like a great blazing star. With a three inch glass it may be seen 760 miles.

TRACING PAPER.—A new tracing paper has been made of material taken from a Japanese plant, and the inventor, who also hails from Japan, claims that although no oil is used in the making of it, it is as transparent as the ordinary oil paper.

ACETYLENE.—Acetylene, the brilliant new gas, can be easily liquefied and stored until needed. When it is to be used the pressure is lessened and it becomes gaseous again. It gives more than ten times the light of coal gas burned in the best burners.

RUBBER CLUBS.—It is said that New York policemen may be swinging rubber clubs before long. The Commissioners are considering an invention of a New London, Conn., man who says that the rubber club has all the stunning effects of wooden weapons and will not break heads.

GLASS.—A German method is now in operation of manufacturing glass which will transmit light freely, but not heat. A thin plate of this material allowed less than one per cent. of the heat of gas flames to pass, although transmitting 12 per cent. of the heat from sunlight. Ordinary window glass lets some 86 per cent. of the heat through.

AN ELECTROGRAPH.—An electrograph for marking linen indelibly was shown to the Royal Society lately. The fabric is dampened and a current passed for two seconds from a silver die, carrying silver into the fabric wherever it touches; the current is then reversed for three seconds, reducing the metal, the result is that metalic silver is deposited on the tissue.

FISHING LINES.—To make fishing lines waterproof, take of boiled oil two parts and gold size one part; shake together in a bottle, and the mixture is ready for use. Apply to the line, thoroughly dried, with a piece of flannel; expose to the air, and dry. After using the line two or three times, it should have another coat, the application being repeated when necessary.

Farm and Garden.

COARSE FOODS.—By the judicious use of bran and linseed meal the coarse foods can be made to do excellent service in maintaining stock. A "combination" food is better than the continued use of one or two kinds only.

IMPLEMENTS.—All implements that are now out of use should be kept under cover. First clean them thoroughly and anoint every portion with kerosene, which will prevent rust. Unless protected from dampness, however, they will rapidly become useless.

WORMS IN POTS.—The following is a quick way to dislodge worms from pots. Throw about a pint of quicklime into a shallow tub full of water, stir it up, and then drop the pots into it, so that they are submerged to the brim. They should remain there about an hour. The plants like the operation, and the worms are every one cleared out.

EXTRA LABOR.—It would be a source of much satisfaction, and not cost much extra labor, to keep an account with each field, with each herd, with the orchard, the poultry, the stable and so on. Money received or expended can be as easily set in down one place as another. There would then be fewer unprofitable crops, and less stock on which money was being wasted.

HARVEST.—Do not take it as a matter of course that there must be rush, neglect and at the about time of haying and harvesting. This is not shiftlessness, but it is bad management. Let there be fewer crops needing attention at that season. Give the others the extra attention possible. A man cannot put more that two or three days into one, even in harvest.

COMPETITIVE EFFORT.—One can become a famous chicken man, or hog man, or cattle man, or horse man, as he chooses, but he must remember that each road to fortune requires special knowledge. Our fathers made money in a haphazard way, we hardly know how, but in these days of competitive effort this cannot be done.

IF YOU HAVE A WORRYING COUGH, or any Lung or Throat trouble, use at once Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and don't parley with what may prove to be a dangerous condition.

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Youth and Pleasure.

When our grandmothers were but girls, and our grandfathers indulged in the lively occupation of beating a few decrepit old policemen and in "doubling up the watch," a certain amount of vice and vivacity seems to have been readily allowed to young men. Whether this license arose out of a natural conviction on the part of the parents that they had been too severely dealt with, or whether it was a rebellion of humanity, a genuine uprising of the young, it is hard to say.

Nature will bear sway. "You may drive her out with a pitchfork," says Horace, "but she will run back again." "Drive the staple home, knock it in hard, good fellow," said Ridley to the executioner as he fastened him to the stake to endure the martyr-fires at Oxford, "for the flesh will have its course." He was afraid lest the pain of the cruel crawling flames should make him break away from his torment. So it may have been that, as a sort of sop to Cerberus, license and folly were allowed their course, and young fellows were thought able to get rid of their old and natural vices as a snake does of its skin by shedding them broadcast.

Hence the general suggestion implied in the words "'Tis best for him to sow his wild oats," wild oats being the self-sown and uncultivated cereal, which is good for neither beast nor man—in fact, is a most unprofitable weed, and almost as productive as a darnel, which we translate "tares" in the New Testament.

Once get the weeds into your ground, and on the slightest provocation they start up again. One knows scarcely how it is, but all sorts of weather seem favorable to weeds. They grow and flourish in storm or sunshine, in rain or in drought. They find favorable spots everywhere to grow and fructify. The great trouble of the farmer is to keep them well down.

The occupation of the young engaged in this unpleasant pastime to others, if not to themselves, is so purely selfish that it is to be noted that it is confined to the youth of the male sex. It is quite a masculine assertion, born of a haughty mind, great strength and health, much folly and little experience, which claims a right to vice. With all that is said, and sometimes with apparent justice, against woman, it can never be alleged that the youth of that sex have been fools enough to put forward a claim to spend their days in self-indulgence and licentiousness, so that they might achieve a degree of used-up wisdom in their middle age, when they had settled down and taken husbands to themselves.

Proper and decent merriment in the young is by all means to be encouraged. That is not of the nature of "wild oats." To demand the reticence, the knowledge, and the coolness of age from the young is to ask for fruit out of season, for a ripe medlar in the early days of summer. Let the young enjoy themselves, if they take not to harmful occupations. It is well when we can put into the hands of youth the warm-hearted relations of honest, simple, manly enjoyment, of merry days.

The remembrance of the strait times that we have passed through, and God's goodness to us in the old days, adds strength to us and renews our courage. How pleasant to talk of dangers past, of enjoyments which were then felt to be so pleasant, and which cost us so little.

That is indeed a pleasing and wholesome mirth which recalls troubles and how they have been encountered and passed—how youth has had none of the timidity and reticence of age, how it has daffed the world aside and bidden it pass, how it has laughed at trials which to-day would seem serious, overcome difficulties which to-day we think insurmountable, and has been delighted with small attentions, honors and pleasures which to-day it would think petty and childish. These and such wholesome merriments let youth enjoy.

But the greatest benefit of not having sown wild oats is to the father and to his children. If to a repentant man the bitterest reflection is the woes he has brought on his children, then does a good man rejoice that, whatever faults his wilding shoots may show, the parent tree is not to blame for them. But in general cases it is like father like son—paternal example is catching, and it is to be noted that Bunyan in his second part of "Pilgrim's Progress" has wisely observed this rule. The children of the pilgrim who sets out from the City of Destruction do not have half the trouble nor half the assaults that he does. They seem indeed to experience in comparison a pleasant pilgrimage.

As Mr. Greatheart says, "The boys all take after the father, and covet to tread in his steps; yea, if they do but see any place where the old pilgrim hath set his foot, it ministereth joy to their hearts, and they covet to lie or tread in the same." We may be sure that no wild oats were springing up and bearing fruit in such places. When the old rake in Pope's satire is "pushed from the wall by his own graceless son," when children rise up to call a man cursed and not blessed, when he reads shame and disgrace on the faces of his innocent daughters, and the mother of his children is not among the honorable women whose presence adds alike a dignity and a courage to man—then perhaps that old creature, if consulted soberly, might tell you of the value of the crop which his wild oats have borne.

The fact is, the saying about the sowing of wild oats is a foolish one; it should run in a curricle with such inordinate and incomprehensible lies as that bad beginnings make the best endings, and that married rakes are the best husbands.

People repeat these old sayings as if they were wise; but Folly has her proverbs as well as Wisdom. Reduce such maxims into practice, put your fire out and light it with wet rags, knock a hole in the bottom of your ship as you are about to sail, fall and badly bruise yourself as you start for a race, and take such beginnings as fine omens for success if you can.

So also, in this question of morals, to stain yourself so that you may become pure, to blot your virgin page so that it may look white, to throw away your money in order to fill your purse, would be all voted contradictions in terms; and living according to the flesh and the devil in youth, so that one may dedicate his old age to wisdom, to philosophy, and to the sum of all—to goodness and to God—is plainly no less. He who has determined to sow wild oats broadcast in his youth may be assured that there is an eternal truth in the words of the apostle, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

A THOUGHTLESS person is of necessity a coarse and selfish person. When people do wrong to their neighbors and give pain unnecessarily, to say "I did not think," puts forward no plea for tolerance, but is rather a reason for condemnation, and an additional peg on which to hang a sermon of rebuke. They should have thought; there is no good reason why they did not think; and, if they did not, then they did wrong, and wrong is always wrong and reprehensible.

TRUE friendship keeps no profit-and-loss account, posts no ledgers, strikes no daily balance, but takes gratitude for granted, and regards affection as always solvent. It has no clearing-house, carries on no brokerage of attachment, makes no bargain in the commerce of the affections. With it "yours truly" goes a great way, and certainly, worn threadbare as they are by incessant use, no words have a stouter body of significance left in them.

NATURALNESS is not a grace for which people ought to be praised to their faces. In fact, to recognize it is to disturb it, if not to change it to its opposite. Children should never be taught to be natural, or hear the word used in relation to themselves. The affectation of nature is the worst and most offensive form of the artificial.

FRUGALITY is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality. The two, united, make an excellent temper. Happy the place where they are found!

SET about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants, and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.

THE heart will commonly govern the head; and it is certain that any strong passion, set the wrong way, will always infatuate the wisest of men; therefore the first part of wisdom is to watch the affections.

DAVID HUME declared that he would rather possess a cheerful disposition, inclined always to look on the bright side, than, with a gloomy mind, be master of an estate of ten thousand a year.

A GOOD man who has seen much of the world, and is not tired of it, says, "The grand essentials to happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

THE vulgar mind fancies that judgment is implied chiefly in the capacity to censure; and yet there is no judgment so exquisite as that which knows properly how to approve.

A FIRM faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience is the best law; honesty is the best policy, and temperance is the best physic.

WEAKNESS of whatever nature has ever a hankering after power; and there is no weakness which results in greater mortifications than that which is bred of egotism

TRUE liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights—not in the destruction of the rights of others.

PURSUE what you know to be attainable, make truth your object, and your studies will make you a wise man.

HE who surpasses or subdues mankind must look down on the hate of those below.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

G.—"Æsthetic" means feeling. By one of those arbitrary uses or abuses of terms which occur under the patronage or example of the "cultured," this word has been appropriated by a certain class of enthusiasts and made men "feeling for art." It is a silly business. The craze, like other crazes, is however beginning to die out.

SAGO.—"Polite literature" is generally used in a vague way to designate the more refined departments of literature; but it really has no precise limits. It includes history, poetry, the drama, fiction, essays, etc. The three learned professions are law, theology, and medicine. A profession may be any business or calling engaged in for subsistence, not being mechanical, or in trade or agriculture, etc.

BALLOONING.—No method of steering a balloon has yet been discovered; and it is difficult to suppose the feat will ever be accomplished. If controlled traffic in the air is possible, it will most likely be achieved in connection with some apparatus of the nature of a flying machine, which shall propel itself through the air as a bird flies. The fulcrum or purchase for steering must be obtained by momentum.

COUNTRY.—Eliza Cook, the poetess, daughter of a respectable tradesman in Southwark, London, was born about 1818. At an early age (her twentieth year, we believe) she contributed to various periodicals and published in 1840 a volume of poems which at once attracted the attention of the public and stamped her as a writer of great merit and originality. She more than sustained this favored position in the Journal which bore her name, and which was published weekly from 1849 until 1854, when, on account of failing health, it was given up, to the great regret of its readers. Her poems, reprinted in a collected form, have passed through numerous editions.

R. G. H.—Cleopatra's dissolving in a cup of vinegar a pearl worth a province, and then drinking it to prove to Antony that she could feed more expensively than any one else in the world, is, of course, untrue. Pearls will not dissolve in vinegar, although, if the acid be very strong, it will discolor and corrode them. She might have swallowed the pearl, and the whole business might have been a cunning woman's piece of clap-trap, done to rivet the chains of the gorgeous Roman by her side. The Queen of Egypt seems to have had an intense and affectionate heart where her passions were concerned. She was faithful to Antony, and died with his name on her lips; but she was not at all particular in running away with other ladies' husbands.

CINCIN.—The stomachs of hogs, instead of going to the rendering tanks, are now used for the manufacture of pepsin. Pigs' feet, cattle feet, hide clippings and the pith of horns, as well as some of the bones, are used for the manufacture of glue. The paunches of the cattle are cleaned and made into tripe. The choicer parts of the fat from cattle are utilized for the manufacture of oleo oil, which is a constituent of the butterine, and for stearine. Large quantities of the best of the leaf lard are also used for the manufacture of what is known as "neutral," also a constituent of butterine. The intestines are used for sausage casings; the bladders are used to pack putty in; the undigested food in the cattle stomachs is pressed and used for fuel; the long ends of the tails of cattle are sold to mattress makers, the horns and hoofs are carefully preserved, and sold to the manufacturers of combs, buttons, etc. Many of the large white hoofs go to China, where they are made into jewelry. All of the blood is carefully preserved, coagulated by cooking with steam, then pressed and dried and sold to fertilizer manufacturers. All of the scrap from rendering operations is carefully preserved and dried and sold for fertilizers. Bones are dried and either ground into bone meal or used for the manufacture of bone charcoal, which is afterward utilized for refining sugar and in some other refining processes.

PUZZLED.—Certainly no man desiring the respect of his brother-man should, and no one worthy the name of man could, set himself wantonly to trifle with the affections of women who are weak enough to be deluded by his heartless preferences. It does not say much for the self respect or intelligence of young women to be caught by the silly affectations of regard assumed by an unprincipled adventurer. It is strange that the female mind, otherwise sensible, and remarkable for its quickness and sagacity, should be so prone to exhibit conspicuous weakness in the presence of some of the most clumsy artifices of the male. We cannot help thinking that there must be a radical defect in the education of girls to expose them to this liability to deception and to render them the silly dupes of the most obvious of pretenders. Mothers leave too much to chance in the education of their daughters. They do not sufficiently care for their moral culture. Girls should be trained to oppose an intelligent knowledge of human nature to their own evil or weak tendencies and the blandishments of insincere admirers. Innocence is not enough to protect a young woman; there must be an element of practical and positive virtue in her chracter if she is to be safe. (2) The mythic story of Endymion may be read in the beautiful poem "Endymion" by Keats. Endymion was a shepherd who remained young by favor of Jupiter, and slept as much as he liked. While sleeping on Mount Latmos, in Caria, his beauty won even the cold heart of Diana—the moon—and she came down to kiss him as he slept. Hence the picture.

A SUMMER NIGHT TRYST.

BY W. W. LONG.

The owls are hooting in the woods,
And all the land is graying;
Between the daylight and the dark,
'Tis time, now sweet, for straying.

The night his dusky shadows throw
The cool green meadows over;
Come, let us wander down the lane,
And through the fields of clover.

Above the mountain peeps the moon,
And life is filled with laughter;
Come, let us o'er the meadows go,
And heed not what comes after.

"Charlie."

BY M. G. M.

I DO detest tomboys, and, what is more, never intend marrying for money!"—and the speaker, lighting a cigar, strolls out of the French window on to the sunny lawn, drops down under the shade of a chestnut-tree, and puffs away with dogged resolution.

Royal—more commonly called Roy—Casselton is a barrister, with, as yet, not many briefs; nevertheless he bids fair to make his way, for he is clever and not given to dissipation. Still four hundred per annum is not much for a man who belongs to a fashionable "set," and Roy not unfrequently experiences the unpleasant sensation of being what is termed "hard up." He has come for a few weeks' rest to his sister's pretty Richmond villa; and she, with true feminine weakness, determines on making a "match" between him and the only daughter of a wealthy neighbor. But, in spite of being "hard up," Roy is by no means mercenary and by no means inclined at present to take unto himself a wife—his bachelor-life is far too pleasant for that. Being a handsome fellow, capital company, and coming of a good old stock, he is rather a pet of society, and could have married times out of number had he chosen; but Roy is hard to please. Arrived at the age of six and-twenty, he has not seen the girl just suited to his mind; moreover, if poor, he is equally proud—hence the disgust at Mrs. Thornleigh's proposal.

Evidently Mrs. Thornleigh does not know her brother's taste, or she would never have described her particular friend Maude, alias "Charlie" Heathcote, as "a charming girl, sweetly pretty, very fascinating, and not at all conventional," Mabel Thornleigh herself rather answers to this description. Married at eighteen to an indulgent doting husband with considerable means, her troubles have been few. She is however not spoiled by prosperity, but is thoroughly good-hearted, adoring her husband and two mischievous children, Harold and Bertie, who treat their mother as one of themselves and nearly worry their uncle to death.

Mrs. Thornleigh looks after her brother with a frown and half rises to follow him; but offended pride intervenes, so she goes back to her crewel-work and, with a shrug of the shoulders, inwardly vows to take no more interest in Roy's affairs.

"I do detest tomboys!" comes in silvery tones from behind Mabel's chair.

"Why, Charlie, where did you spring from?"

"From behind the folding-doors," answers "Charlie" demurely. "I ran in to see if you'd come for a row, and, hearing my name being apparently taken in vain, I crept in by the other door just in time to hear myself described as 'a charming girl, sweetly pretty, very fascinating, and not at all conventional'!"

"Oh, Charlie dear, you're not offended, are you?" says Mabel anxiously. You mustn't mind Roy; he's a disagreeable old boy, and never means half what he says."

"I offended! Couldn't be if I tried with you, Queen Mab. But I'll have my revenge on your polite brother. I've half a mind to go this very moment and make him an offer of my hand and purse!"

"No—don't; he's in an awfully bad temper. About an hour ago Bertie broke a favorite meerschaum that he had just finishing coloring, and he hasn't quite recovered from the shock."

"I can enter into his feelings," says "Charlie," in a sympathetic tone; "I should be the same myself in those circumstances."

Maude Heathcote is decidedly boyish in appearance, and fully justifies the description given of her. She is not tall, but exquisitely proportioned. Her face is small and oval, with merry dimples in the sun-burnt cheeks—she has a passion for boating and riding, never studying her complexion; her nose is slightly tip-tilted, and she has a rosebud mouth; her shining golden hair is parted at the side and tumbles over her shoulders in three or four great rough curls; while "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue" eyes look forth from under long curling lashes. Her dress is of white serge, made sailor-fashion, the navy-blue collar thrown open, showing to perfection a prettily-moulded throat; a little blue skull-cap is placed rakishly on one side of her head; and altogether "Charlie" is thoroughly "unconventional."

"Well, Mab, are you coming?"

"No, Charlie; I can't. Roy hates being alone, and Jack won't be home until late."

"What a bore! Where are the boys? I suppose Mr. Casselton doesn't want them too?"

"Oh, no! You may have them, and welcome! They've already got into Roy's black books, poor pets! You see, Charlie, Roy is a dear fellow, but not used to children; so—— Oh, here he comes!" cries Mab. Then, in a whisper, she says, "I'll introduce you."

"Not for the world!"—and "Charlie" make for the door. But it is too late; Roy's tall form is already darkening the window.

"'What can't be cured must be endured,'" says "Charlie," in a high-pitched voice, dropping into an arm-chair and clasping her hands at the back of her head.

"My brother—Miss Heathcote," says Mabel; and Roy looks in unfeigned surprise at the nautical young lady, but his do not exactly express disapproval.

"Charlie" does not rise, but merely vouchsafes him a careless nod, and remarks—

"Awfully hot, isn't it?"

"Yes—very warm," Roy assents, with emphasis.

"Very warm! It's hot! You'd say so if you had been pulling a pair of sculls for the last two hours. What club do you belong to?" she says suddenly.

"None," answers Roy shortly.

"What a pity! Not a good oar, I suppose?"—with a supercilious glance.

This is too much. Roy Casselton, who has rowed in the "Varsity race," to be told that by a chit of a girl!

"Considering, Miss Heathcote, that I was one of the fortunate Oxonians at the race two years back, that can scarcely be the reason," he retorts.

"Indeed! Ah, but perhaps you are out of practice! Can't say I admire the Oxford stroke."

Mabel can scarcely contain herself; but "Charlie', is a capital little actress, and does not move a muscle.

"Perhaps not; but ladies are not, as a rule, competent judges."

"Not generally; but I flatter myself that I am. I don't mind taking an oar against you until dinner-time, Mr. Casselton. There's an hour to spare," she says, consulting a tiny jeweled watch.

"No—thank you! I have letters to write, so must say 'Good day,' Miss Heathcote."

"Good day!" she returns, unabashed. "We'll settle about the row another time."

When the door closes, both girls break into a hearty laugh.

"Oh, Charlie, you were nearly my death!" gasps Mabel.

"Yes—I did it pretty well. Oh, Mab, he will think me a tomboy! But I must be going. Does he know I am coming to dine?"

"No; I kept that as a delightful surprise."

"Very delightful!"

"What do you think of him, Charlie?" asks Mab proudly.

"Too tall—ungainly," answers that diminutive personage. "I do detest gawky men. You can tell him that, if he should happen to ask for my opinion;" and, taking up her cap, "Charlie" prepares to leave, but turns back to ask, "Oh, Mabel, is any one else coming?"

"Only Louie Grant."

"Oh, I don't mind her!"—and she runs off. Louie Grant, the Doctor's daughter, is very quiet and inoffensive, and a great admirer of the beautiful little heiress.

Roy Casselton is far from amiable when he sits down to write. He is accustomed to nothing but smiles and admiring glances from the fair sex, and treatment like that which he has just received from a girl whom he despises is not to be borne with equanimity. So annoyed is he that he cannot settle to his letters, but tears up one after another until, in a towering rage, he throws down his pen and goes up-stairs to dress for dinner. He is a splendid man, six feet three in height, with fine broad shoulders, a well-shaped head gracefully poised, golden-brown hair parted in the middle and cropped close, deeply-set dreamy-looking gray eyes, a fair complexion and dark brown moustache.

"Charlie" has not arrived when he enters the drawing-room. Only Louie Grant is there; and, having met her before several times, Roy knows that she is not "fast," so enters into quiet conversation with her.

Presently Mabel and Jack come in, and the boys, who after several skirmishes relative to dining early in the nursery, have for once come off victorious.

"For which they may thank Charlie," Mabel tells Roy. "She can't bear the poor dears to be shut up when she's here; and they're so fond of her!"

The "poor dears" are pretty little fellows in white sailor-suits with pale blue silk collars. Both have long golden hair cut across the forehead, blue eyes, and sun-burnt cheeks.

"Yes, I love Tarlie," lisps Bertie; "and so does Hawold."

"Here she comes!" shouts Harold, bounding into the garden. And "Charlie," who seldom arrives in the "conventional" way, appears with a fleecy cloud thrown over her head, breathless.

"Hallo, Charlie! Been running?" asks Jack, with whom she is a great favorite.

"Yes. When I got in, I found papa going for a ride; and I thought he'd be so dull all alone that I decided to go too; so that made me late. How are you, Miss Grant?"—and "Charlie" holds out a pretty little hand.

"Have you been introduced to Roy?" asks Jack.

"Yes—I've had that pleasure," she answers, with a sarcastic smile, giving that gentleman a nod of recognition.

Jack stares, but sets it down as one of "Charlie's" freaks, and, offering one arm to Miss Grant and the other to his wife, tells Roy to take Miss Heathcote in to dinner. But to this Miss Heathcote objects.

"Thanks, Mr. Casselton, but I promised Harold," she says.

"Yes—she did; and no one else shall have her!"—and, with a defiant air, the small boy puts out his tiny arm; and, seized on the other side by Bertie, "Charlie" is borne off, followed by Roy frowning irately.

He cannot but admire "Charlie's" looks. In the morning he thought her beautiful; but to-night she is even more so. Although she objects strongly to evening dress, it becomes her vastly well. She is wearing a white cashmere dress cut square at the neck, with little bunches of violets—blue as her eyes—nestling among the lace ruffles. Gleaming pearls encircle the rounded throat and arms.

Roy is seated next to Miss Grant and opposite to "Charlie," who, guarded by her firm allies, takes no notice of him whatever. This piques him more than her impudence, consequently conversation flags on his side of the table. The others keep up a flow of talk, chiefly relating to certain cricket, tennis, and football matches between "Charlie," Jack, and the boys.

Dinner over, Harold and Bertie, laden with spoils from the dessert, drag their companion back to the drawing-room. Miss Heathcote is certainly good-natured, and Roy secretly wonders how she can stand the united attentions of those energetic little lads in such a temperature.

"Give us a song, Charlie," says Jack; and, without the slightest demur, she responds with "Tom Bowling," and sings it magnificently.

"Bravo, Charlie! You'd make a first-class tar!"

Mabel has by this time put Jack up to the joke.

"I like Indian," she answers. "By-the-way, Mr. Casselton, do you sing 'Nancy Lee'?"

"No—I don't admire nautical ballads, Miss Heathcote."

"I do; they make a change. One gets so tired of 'Come into the garden, Maud,' 'Love's Request,' 'The Message,' and all those stereotyped songs that fashionable tenors see fit to warble on every occasion!"

"Charlie" is thoroughly aware that these are favorites with Roy. Mabel has often told her of his splendid voice, and once showed her a programme of an aristocratic amateur concert where Mr. Royle Casselton was down for those identical songs. The color mounts to his cheeks, and he answers as calmly as his ire will permit—

"Certainly those songs require a refined taste!"

"Come, Roy, give us something!" says Mabel; and, with a savage glance, he turns over his music and selects one of Blumenthal's songs. His voice is superb, and "Charlie," who is passionately fond of music, is entranced. She does not pretend to listen however, but leans back in her chair a bored air. She does not even thank him when the song is finished, but turns to Miss Grant with some irrelevant remark.

"Don't you think it is too warm for music?" she at length inquires, after having favored the company with "Nancy Lee" and "Jack's Yarn." "Suppose we go into the garden?"

"All right!" assents Jack. "No, boys, you mustn't come—it's bed time." And, the nurse appearing, the little lads are carried off with considerable difficulty, after coming back for numerous kisses from "Charlie," and promises to be taken for a long, long row on the morrow.

The three ladies and Jack quit the drawing-room; but Roy does not rise.

"Aren't you coming, Roy?" asks his brother-in-law.

"No—I'm going to have a smoke."

"Well, come and have it out here. Charlie doesn't mind a cigar—she'll take one with you!"

"Charlie's" remark does not reach Roy's ear; and it is just as well that she does not see his face or heard the muttered word "Disgraceful!"

Left to his own devices, Roy strolls into the smoking-room, and, taking a choice Havana out of a well-filled box, commences to pace up and down the room, meditating on "the degeneracy of the girls of the present day." This however does not last long. He finds the room close; so, putting on an elaborate smoking-cap, he turns his steps garden-wards.

It is a lovely evening. The air is laden with the scent of roses; the moon is rising and casting a glorious light on the rippling waters—for the lawn slopes down to the Thames—and in the distance Roy hears "Charlie's" merry laugh. The party are sitting on a rustic seat under a sheltering tree and are partially hidden from view. Roy is within earshot ere they are aware of his proximity.

"'I do detest tomboys, and never intend marrying for money!'" greets his astonished ears. The tones are his own, so perfect is the mimicry.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie, you are incorrigible!" laughs Jack. "By Jove, here he comes! Hope he's deaf for the time being!"

"I don't care!" replies dauntless "Charlie," as Roy, unable now to escape, stalks up to the mirthful group with an air of dignity.

The seat is large, holding six persons, so there is plenty of room; and so Mabel says, with a naive air—

"Here, Roy—come and sit beside me! Charlie dear, go a little farther down."

Refusal is impossible, so Roy finds himself in tolerably close contact with the enemy. He is still smoking, and is about to ask if "Charlie" objects, when that young lady, who is looking wonderfully demure, her eyes fixed on the river, apparently lost in contemplation of its beauties, soliloquises aloud—

"Pernicious weed whose scent the fair annoys!"

Splash goes the "pernicious weed."

"Don't you like smoking, Mr. Casselton? Doesn't it agree with you? I've heard that some people can't stand strong tobacco."

"Happily, Miss Heathcote, I'm not one of them!" he retorts.

"Oh, I'm glad of that! I thought you looked rather pale. Well, Mab, I must be seeking a brighter sphere," she continues. "Papa had company to-night, and I promised to be in early. Good-bye, Miss Grant! Good-bye, Mab! Oh, good evening, Mr. Casselton! I was almost forgetting you."

Roy bites his lip, and his adieux are of the coldest. Before he can recover himself "Charlie" is lost to view.

"Awfully jolly girl, Roy!" says Jack, as they return to the house.

"Awfully fast girl, you mean!" Roy mutters, sotto voce.

He is too well-bred to give his opinion aloud in presence of a stranger. He condescends to see Miss Grant home, and is tormented all night by myriads of "Charlies" equipped in boating costume and all smoking cigars.

* * * * * *

Three or four days elapse without any signs of "Charlie," and Roy is beginning to feel rather bored. Jack does not get home until the evening, and Mab's time is constantly occupied with visiting and receiving visitors—none of whom seem to suit her fastidious brother's taste—and with the boys, who require constant and varied amusement. Roy almost decides on going back to town; but no one is in London; moreover, there is a certain something that holds him back. Therefore it is with unusual alacrity that one morning he complies with Bertie's request "to tum with Tarlie for a row."

"Charlie's" boat, the Nancy Lee, is danc-

ing merrily on the sunlit waters, and "Charlie," with one oar balanced on her shoulder, is helping in Harold.

"Good morning, Miss Heathcote!" Roy's tone is actually pleasant and his cap most politely raised.

"Good morning!" responds "Charlie" distantly.

Roy notices the coldness, feels discomfited, and regrets his cordiality.

"Tarlie, uncle Woy may tum if he's a dood boy, mayn't he?" pleads Bertie.

She cannot but consent, and Roy offers his hand to assist her into the boat.

"No; thanks—I don't want assistance," and "Charlie's" spring confirms her words.

He is half inclined to turn back, but his pride will not allow it; so he follows her into the boat and asks if he shall take an oar.

"You may if you like; but don't catch crabs. It looks so ridiculous!"

If angry looks could annihilate, "Charlie" would stand a bad chance; as it is, they pass unheeded.

The morning air is delightly exhilarating, and Roy, who is really a splendid oarsman, truly enjoys the exercise. His good temper is fast returning.

"Let Bertie come and sit beside me, Miss Heathcote."

Wicked "Charlie" laughs behind his back.

"No, thank you; I prefer his being with me. You pull so violently, I'm afraid he would be knocked over."

After this, "Charlie" is wonderfully quiet—so much so that Roy, who has formed strange opinions of that fair demoiselle, fancies she must be plotting how next to annoy him.

"We'll turn back now," she remarks, after a while; "I'm tired. The boat is too heavy to go far this morning."

"I'll land if you wish, Miss Heathcote," says Roy, taking the hint.

"No, don't; it's not worth while. I must be back by twelve. I've promised to be at a cricket-match," and, turning the boat, she rows home without addressing another word to Roy, although the conversation is remarkably brisk between her and the boys.

* * * * * *

"Roy, old fellow, I wish you'd take my place this afternoon and see Mab and the youngsters to the flower show. I promised to put in an appearance, but have a pressing engagement in town, so am afraid I can't manage it, and I don't want to disappoint them," says Jack.

"With the greatest pleasure in life," answers Roy, glad of anything for a change.

"You'll meet plenty of jolly girls," adds Jack, as a further inducement; "and Charlie will be there, so she'll take the boys off your hands.

When the party from Thornleigh Villa reach the flower show, the marquees are crowded. It is a gay scene. The gorgeous dresses, beautiful flowers, and the inspiriting music of the "Guards" all combine to raise the spirits of the company. And Mabel, in unexceptionable toilette, is as proud of her handsome brother as he is of her. Roy is by far the finest man present, both in height and looks; and very admiring are the glances bestowed upon him by Mab's large circle of young lady-friends. He goes through numerous introductions with a careless grace, feeling thoroughly at home in his brilliant surroundings.

"How are you, Mrs. Thornleigh?" drawls a languid voice; and the speaker holds out a tight-gloved hand.

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Devereux."

"Have you seen anything of Miss Heathcote?" the new-comer continues.

"No—not yet; but she will be here."

"Aw, I'm glad of that!"—and, raising his hat, Mr. Devereux passes on.

"One of Charlie's flames," whispers Mab. "He's dreadfully spoony on her, and stands a pretty good chance, I fancy, for he's tremendously rich!" Mab glances under her dark lashes at Roy's puckered brows. "Ah, here she is!"

And, amidst a buzz of admiration from the bystanders, "Charlie" comes up to speak to Mrs. Thornleigh. She is dazzlingly beautiful in a dress embroidered with forget me-nots and a white "Gainsborough" covered with snowy plumes, with a tiny white satin and lace sunshade. Every eye follows her, and she is soon surrounded by admirers. Roy stands no chance. She does not even appear to see him, and he is too proud to force himself upon her notice. "Charlie" is evidently in her element, laughing, talking, flirting, and creating unbounded jealousy.

"Roy, isn't she perfect?" says Mabel, in raptures.

"Possibly," he answers coolly.

But his sister is not deceived; she is a capital judge of human nature.

"Got back at last, Mab!"—and "Charlie," with an air of having been much bored by the fatigues of her levee, sits down beside Mrs. Thornleigh.

Roy, who has been to get Mab an ice, now comes up, and asks "Charlie" if she would like one. "Charlie" would, for she is very warm, but does not see fit to accept favors, from such a quarter.

"No, thank you, Mr. Casselton; I won't trouble you. Here's Mr. Devereux—he'll get me one;" and Mr. Devereux, only too delighted at being favored, hastens to obey the order.

Roy, in high dudgeon, takes a seat on the other side of his sister, and looks on with a supercilious air at the fops who again begin to crowd round "Charlie." Unable to stand it any longer, he asks his little nephews if they would like some sweets, and walks off to the refreshment-stall. On their way they encounter Jack, who, contrary to expectations, has just arrived.

"Where's Mab?" he asks.

"Over there," replies Roy, indicating a little crowd.

"Where are you off to, youngsters?"

"Going to buy sweets," answers Harold. Chocolate creams, burnt almonds, and butter scotch in turns take the fancy of these zealous patrons of confectionery. They are just leaving the stall, when Bertie, catching sight of a tempting fancy box of preserved fruit, remembers his friend "Charlie," who has rather a weakness for that delicacy.

"Oh, uncle Woy, buy that pitty box for Tarlie!"

"No, Bertie. It's only little boys that like sweets."

"No, it's not—Tarlie likes them ever, ever so much!"—and Bertie tugs at his uncle's hand until he in despair consents.

"Now you's a dood boy," says Bertie, hugging tight his coveted prize; "and me tell Tarlie they's from uncle Woy."

"Bertie, I'll take them away if you say that—they're yours!"

"No, they's not; they's Tarlie's!"—and, breaking from his irate uncle, the boy rushes up to "Charlie" and throws the box into her lap, saying, "Look, Tarlie, dear, what uncle Woy's bought oo!"

"Uncle Roy's very kind!"

Roy notes the sarcastic tone, and hastens to the spot, determined to remove that idea from her mind.

"Bertie, you're a naughty boy to tell stories! Miss Heathcote, you must excuse him."

"No harm done, my boy," says Jack, in a merry tone; "but it is time we were leaving. The brougham has been waiting more than an hour. Charlie, would you like to go with Mabel? If so, Roy and I will walk—there isn't room for all."

"No, thanks, Mr. Thornleigh. I should prefer walking—it's such a lovely evening. I told papa not to send the carriage, as I should be sure to find some one going my way; besides, if I have to go alone, I'm not at all afraid—the lanes are perfectly safe."

"No, Charlie, you're not to be trusted!" laughs Jack. "Roy"—turning to his brother-in-law—"will you escort Miss Heathcote? I would do so willingly, but should have my little wife mad with jealousy."

Both he and "Charlie" know this to be a polite fiction; but, for some unaccountable reason, "Charlie" offers no objection to the proposal. Possibly she thinks it will be a punishment to Roy to have to walk after standing several hours, for seats have been scarce.

Roy, finding himself left for the first time alone with "Charlie," feels rather awkward; but he is too well trained to be long at a loss, so offers his arm to the scornful little heiress, who reluctantly deigns to place her white kid finger-tips upon his sleeve; and they leave the marquee, wending their way to the shady lanes which "Charlie" has described as safe.

It is an exquisite walk. The trees form a perfect canopy over their heads; and Roy thinks that "Charlie" looks almost like an inhabitant of another sphere, with her white robes and bright face. She is tolerably civil too, despite her defiant "touch-me-not" air; and Roy, whose detestation of tomboys is undergoing a change, exerts his conversational powers to the utmost, and is flattering himself as to his success, when suddenly "Charlie," as if starting from a reverie, says—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Casselton, for not attending to what you were saying; but I was thinking of something else."

"Pray don't let me disturb your thoughts, Miss Heathcote," he retorts, reddening furiously.

"I hope I have not offended you," says "Charlie" in softest accents.

Roy can scarcely believe his ears. Can those kind words be meant for him? He glances at her, and sees no mocking smile—only a penitent little face that has a softened look. The long lashes cover the downcast eyes; he cannot see their expression, and, what with the moonlight, the kind words, and the glorious beauty of the girl, Roy forgets himself so far as to say—

"You could not offend me, Miss Heathcote."

"Charlie" looks up at him with innocent blue eyes, and asks—

"Why not?"

"Because I love you! Yes, Charlie, my little queen, I love you with a passionate undying love!"—and Roy's voice quivers with earnestness.

"Charlie" does not speak or raise her head.

"Charlie, my darling, speak to me!" he urges, growing bolder at her silence. "Tell me that you will be mine—mine for ever—for, oh, my dearest, I love you so!"

And for the second time "Charlie" looks up.

"Again I must ask pardon for not attending to what you were saying," she answers. "And now I will say 'Good night.' Thanks for seeing me home!"

They are but a few yards from the house, and she runs off. Anathematising his folly in no gentle terms and mad with rage, Roy strides back to his sister's house and begins at once to pack up his goods and chattels, determined to catch the last train, and wondering what excuse he can give for cutting short his visit.

"What's up?" asks Jack, in reply to Roy's announcement that he must be in town that night. "My dear fellow, you can do nothing before the morning! It's nine o'clock now. Far better wait till to-morrow and go with me. No bad news, I hope?"

"No," answered Royle; "but I have reason to leave sooner than I anticipated.

However, he is unable to resist the united entreaties of Mab and Jack, and consents to stay the night. His sister pries her better half with questions as to what is the matter with Roy, but can extract no information.

Roy is certainly not pleasant company during the remainder of the evening, and Mabel's slumbers are disturbed by hearing him pace up and down his room far into the night; for, racked with anger and wounded pride, Roy cannot sleep; and, to make matters worse, he finds it impossible to change his love for hate. "Charlie's" glorious beauty and winning graces come back to him with redoubled power, and he finds defeat has only added fuel to the fire. His handsome face is dreadfully haggard when he comes to the breakfast table the next morning; and Mabel bestows sympathizing glances, but forbears to question him.

Jack is not in the room. He and the boys have gone for the customary race round the garden—a duty the boys never allow to be neglected. They come in shortly, and sit down with wonderful appetites. When the pangs of hunger are appeased, Jack begins to get ready for town, and Roy proceeds to take leave of his sister and nephews. The little lads do not fall in with their uncle's arrangements, for Roy seldom refuses their demands in the toy and confectionery line.

"No—me not say dood-bye; me hold oo tight!" cries Bertie, making good his words.

"Uncle Roy, if you stay, Charlie will take you for another row," says Harold persuasively.

Roy bends his handsome head and kisses Bertie to hide his confusion. Mabel's eyes are being opened.

"Good-bye," she says, kissing him; "try to come back soon! I intended to get up a picnic if you had stayed, but now I don't care a bit about it."

"Good-bye, Mab! I'm sorry to disappoint you, but it can't be helped." And, Jack being ready, they start.

* * * * * *

"By Jove, Roy, what's that brute about?" ejaculates Jack; and, looking some distance ahead, Roy sees a horse prancing and rearing. "By all that's horrible, I believe it's Charlie! Quick, Roy—she will be dashed to pieces!"

They reach the spot too late: Jack's worst fears are realized and "Charlie" is lying on the ground. While Jack seizes the horse, Roy raises the girl in his arms and carries her into the nearest hotel. She shows no signs of life; the lovely face is perfectly colorless and the brows are contracted with pain. He lays her upon a couch in the first room he comes to; and Jack presently appears accompanied by a doctor.

"No serious injury," pronounces the medical man—"only stunned; but it's a marvel to me how she has escaped so well. No, that's nothing," he says as Jack points to a cut on her head—"just a slight wound."

He had cleared the room of all but Roy and Jack, and is doing all that is necessary for his patient's welfare, while Roy stands before the couch gazing in speechless agony upon the fair white face of the girl who has used him so badly. While he gazes, her lids are raised and the bewildered blue eyes rest on Roy.

"Where am I?" she asks feebly.

"You've had a little accident, but will be all right soon."

"Roy, you stay here while I go for Mr. Heathcote," whispers Jack. And the doctor, fancying he knows how matters stand, follows him out, deeming that "Charlie" will get round sooner if left to the care of her lover.

"How did I come here, Mr. Casselton?"

So weak is her voice that Roy is obliged to stoop in order to catch each words. His face is dangerously near hers.

"You were riding, and your horse evidently took fright."

"Yes—I remember; I went out alone, and—— Oh, Mr. Casselton, my hair is all wet!"—and "Charlie," whose nerves are much shaken, closes her eyes again.

Roy drops upon his knees before her, thinking she has fainted, and puts a little brandy to her lips.

"Charlie, my love, my life!" he murmurs—and there is a whole world of love in his voice.

A smile flits across the white face; her lips move. Bending over her until his hair brushes the pale cheek, he catches the monosyllable "Roy"; and with a feebie movement, a white hand steals round his neck.

"Charlie, can it be possible that you love me?" he whispers passionately, not yet daring to believe the glorious truth. "Oh, darling, do not trifle with me—I cannot bear it! Once more in sad, sad earnest I ask you, Do you—can you love me?" His voice is full of emotion.

The "Yes" is scarcely audible; but Roy is satisfied, and showers kisses upon the face to which the color is fast returning.

"'I do detest tomboys, and, what is more, never intend marrying for money!'" she answers, in the old saucy tone.

"My queen!" he laughs, and silences her with a kiss.

"This Very Minute."

BY M. C. T.

"I'LL do it! I'll do it this very minute!" exclaimed Squire Ellis, as all the country round about called the substantial owner of Buckland Grange Manor Farm, which he held under a long lease, at a peppercorn rent, from the Dean and Chapter of Ashminster. "Yes," added he, starting across to the window, "hang me if I don't do it this very minute, for there goes Lawyer Ellery, most opportunely."

Then he commenced a violent thumping at the window, which arrested the attention of a gentleman cantering by on a sleek, black horse, who immediately turned the head of the spirited animal, and came dashing up the broad avenue that led from the highway to the steps of the handsome, old-fashioned grange.

"What is it you are so unusually earnest about accomplishing immediately?" asked a fair, bright faced girl of twenty, looking up archly from her work.

With his natural impetuosity, when once aroused, the squire was dashing by her to the door, but, pausing a moment, he laid his hand fondly on her soft brown tresses, saying, with a perceptible quiver in his hearty voice, "My old friend Tom Farnsworth is dead, as I see by the paper. He was younger than I, and it set me to thinking that it was time for me to be looking out for the grim messenger. At any rate, I mean to make things all right before he comes, and now's the time to make sure of it."

Mary Grey's soft eyes filled with tears, and she said, reproachfully, "Oh, dear papa, shame to talk so this bright, beautiful morning, and you so hale and hearty too—worth a dozen of the young men of these times!"

"In the midst of life we are in death," answered he, his face subdued into unwonted solemnity; then preceiving the tears gushing over the fair girl's delicate cheek, he added cheerfully, "Never mind, pet, there may be many a happy day in store for you and me yet; but there is no harm

in being ready; and for your sake, my dear, I must make a little preparation."

He passed along to the hall-door, spoke a few words to the horseman, who immediately dismounted, and led the way to the oak parlor, and after an hour had passed, the bell rang, and the old housekeeper and gardener was summoned into the parlor. When the squire and the lawyer came in to lunch, the latter was buttoning his coat over a long, sealed paper, and saying carelessly, "As I told you, I am on my way to the assizes, and probably shall be away several days; but I'll send it up to town, and keep it, as you suggest, till there is a call for it, which, I trust, will not be for many a year yet."

When the friends parted the squire said, "Take good care of it. I'm glad to have it off my mind, for no one knows what may happen."

The lawyer cantered away, and the squire returned it to his step-daughter, stroked her drooping head, and smiled cheerfully into her passive face, until Mary brightened again into her habitual light heartedness.

Squire Ellis was quite as fond of Mary Grey as if she had been his own child. When he made Widow Grey his wife, he opened his heart likewise to her pretty, bright eyed daughter; and though the pale, shrouded form of the meek wife was laid at rest beneath the old yew-trees in the churchyard he only drew the sobbing girl closer to his breast, assuring her thenceforward, she would receive love enough from him to recompense her for the loss of both her parents.

Right nobly had he kept his word; and, as he always declared, was more than rewarded by the warm devotion and earnest gratitude of Mary, the only member of his household, who was certain to pass unscathed through the shower of sparks his fiery temper occasionally sent off in every direction.

Never a hasty word had the orphan received from him, not even when she disappointed a long-cherished scheme that had lain very near his heart, and sent away his only nephew and heir, with a sorrowful refusal of his proffered hand.

The anger and indignation of the mortified suitor were peremptorily checked by the squire's declaration that Mary was at liberty to do as she chose in such a matter, and for his own part he did not wonder she could not fancy such a scapegrace as Henry Ellis. Poor little Mary, however, read plainly how grievous a trial it was, in reality, to her generous step-father, and never dared confess the truth in the case, that she had no heart to bestow on Henry Ellis, since Frank May had carried it away with him to a far-off manufacturing town, where he was struggling against poverty and discouragement, with the memory of her sweet face as the only light to brighten his daily toil as overseer of a large and busy factory.

The morning after the lawyer's visit Squire Ellis took a cheerful leave of Mary, to answer a business summons to the London corn market, promising, playfully, to return speedily, with some very mysterious packages for her investigation. Aye, a speedy return it was! That very night a violent ringing of the bell startled the quiet household, and the bewildered girl sprang up in shivering terror, as the servants' shrieks rang out on the midnight stillness. Scarcely a thought had darted through her paralyzed brain ere she found herself standing in the hall below, gazing, with pale lips and dilated eyes, at the rigid form a group of strange men were bearing into the library. One moment she remained dumb and breathless, then she tore away the muffling cloak, to find the revered head crushed and mangled, the colt, gray hairs she had stroked so fondly that morning, stiff with clotted blood, and no voice, no word for her from the lips that still betrayed the horrible agonies with which life had fled.

No wonder the poor girl could gather little meaning, and cared not to hear the recital of the terrible railroad disaster that had brought mourning and desolation into many another home. One only thought was crushing hope and life from her heart. Moaning feebly, "My father, my more than father, is dead—dead!" she crept away to her chamber, where the servants, when they sought her an hour after, found her, insensible, lying across the bed.

Day and night came, but no relief, and the mangled form had been laid beside her mother, before Mary left her feverish couch, and descended to the rooms where his beloved presence no longer cheered or strengthened her. A new grief aroused her from the apathetic horror that had chilled her heart. Henry Ellis was there, and, with ill-concealed, triumphant insolence, inquired if he could in any way be of service to Miss Grey? He still cherished kindly feelings towards her, he said, and now, as his uncle's sole heir, might be induced to renew the offer she had once spurned, for she must be aware that a residence beneath his roof was hardly decorous unless indeed she would consent to become his wife immediately.

Mary Grey's tear bedimmed eyes turned bewilderedly towards him, and, catching the bold, exultant look of his face, read his meaning. The old spirit flashed in her face again, and, almost sternly, she replied: "The decision I pronounced once, with your uncle's sanction, is irrevocable."

The worldly, narrow-minded man, forgot all honor and chivalry in the passion of age that swept over him, and defiantly informed her that, as everything lately his uncle's belonged to him, she might as well know at once that his roof should not shelter a single day longer so thankless a person as she proved to be.

Sharply and vividly Mary Grey realized now the extent of the woe that had befallen her; but it raised her crushed spirit from its stupor. Without a single word, but a flashing glance eloquent with scorn and contempt for his pitiful meanness, she left the apartment, and leaving directions with the servants to send her trunks to a neighbor's, she who had reigned so long in that dear old home, its honored and cherished mistress, passed away alone and unattended from its threshold.

Only one gleam of light shone in Mary Grey's troubled sky; Frank May would never change. She needed no assurance of that; but not till all her arrangements had been made, through a sympathizing friend, and a small Berlin wool and fancy business secured for her, did she write to her lover of the change that had befallen her.

She was not much surprised, however, when, before it seemed possible for him to have traversed the distance between them, she found herself clasped in his arms.

"One thing only is clear to me, dearest," he said—"we must be married immediately. I am young and strong; and surely, for your sake, fortune will smile upon my untiring efforts, and next year my salary will be raised to one hundred and fifty pounds, with a prospect of commission besides."

They were standing in the churchyard by the new-made grave, when he said this. At that moment Henry Ellis, in an elegant equipage, dashed up to the gateway, reined in his spirited horses, and came up the walk with a workman, to superintend the erection of the monument. The lovers drew back, but not until the heir had flung them a glance of malicious and scornful triumph.

Not a word was spoken by either during their homeward walk till they reached the little shop of Mary Grey, when he exclaimed suddenly, and after a deep, inward struggle, "I'll do it! I'll do it this very minute!"

The words startled the fair girl like an electric shock. "Frank; Frank!" said she, earnestly, "there is hope for us yet. I had forgotten it all, in the sudden horror and desolation that came upon me with his death." Then she related the occurrences of the morning when that same exclamation from her step father amused and surprised her.

His rapidly changing countenance showed how important Frank considered her communication.

"Mr. Ellery, did you say? I must hunt him up immediately, and write off to see if he has returned from the assizes. Cheer up, cheer up, my love; I knew the squire meant to provide for you. I am confident that Mr. Ellery has the will, and does not know of your step father's death.

No more than three weeks from their meeting in the churchyard, Frank May and his new-made wife sought Henry Ellis in the house which Mary had left so sorrowfully. Mr. Ellery and the clergyman of the place accompanied them. The youthful owner met them with cool politeness; but a few words from the lawyer, and his flushed face paled a little as he unfolded the papers handed to him, purporting to be "A true copy of the last Will and Testament of Richard Ellis, Esquire."

It was soon dashed angrily to the floor. "It is a forgery, sir!" exclaimed the young man; "I shall contest the thing. I can assure you of that. To leave me only a paltry thousand pounds is not my uncle's doing. It is a forgery, and I shall contest it."

"That would be an absurd proceeding," replied the lawyer, coolly. "All in the household and the parishioners, I am surprised they have not already informed Miss Grey that they witnessed the will. But, perhaps, they were ignorant of its contents."

Henry Ellis strove to hide the convulsions of his countenance, and his tongue faltered, as he excused himself a few moments while he went to summon the two servants to make inquiries.

The dark eyes of Frank May flashed fire as his humiliated rival disappeared, and he said, sternly, "He shall be well humbled for so pitifully turning my Mary from her home." But Mary was gazing fondly through her flooded tears, at the portrait of the former master of the house. The generous, loving heart of Squire Ellis looked out upon her through the canvass, and the fair young wife said, solemnly, as she touched her husband's arm, and pointed to the portrait—"No, no, Frank, we will not try to humble his only nephew. We will all be friends yet; and you, for his uncle's sake, will forgive the nephew, even as I do."

The young man's brow darkened, then cleared again, and, his fine countenance shone with a flood of generous emotion as he exclaimed, heartily, "Yes, yes, you are right, Mary. I'll forgive him. I'll do it! I'll do it this very minute!"

A Refractory Traveler.—Mr. Andrew Wilson, in his recent book of travels—Observations on a Journey from Chinese Tibet to the Indian Caucasus, through the Upper Valleys of the Himalaya—tells an amusing story of an officer who attempted to enter Chinese Tibet.

He managed to give the guard on the frontier the slip at night, and was happily pursuing his way the next morning, congratulating himself on having entered the forbidden land, when he was overtaken by a portion of the guard, who politely intimated that, since they saw he was determined to go, they would make no more objection to his doing so, only they would accompany him in order to protect him from robbers.

This arrangement worked very well for a few hours, until they came to a deep-sunk river and a rope-bridge—one of those bridges in which you are placed in a basket, which is slung from a rope, and so pulled along that rope by another and a double rope, which allows of the basket being worked from either side.

Over this river some of the Tartars passed first in order to show that the conveyance was warranted not to break down; and then our traveler himself got into the basket, and was pulled along. So far everything had gone on well; but, when he had got half-way across the river, his protectors ceased to pull, sat down, lighted their pipes, and looked at him as they might at an interesting object which had been provided for their contemplation. "Pull," he cried out—"pull!" On which they nodded their heads approvingly, but sat still and smoked their pipes. "Hang it, pull, will you? Pull!" he cried out again, becoming weary of the basket; and then he tried all the equivalents for "pull" in all the Eastern languages he knew; but the more he cried out, the more the Tartars smoked their silver pipes and nodded their heads like Chinese porcelain mandarins. They listened, however, to prevent his pulling himself one way or another; and, after keeping him suspended in the basket till night, and he was almost frozen to death, they made an arrangement through a Tibetan-speaking attendant that they would pull him back if he would promise to recross the frontier.

A Peddler's Per Centage.—An individual called upon a jeweler in Montreal and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for a few past years, some seventy-five dollars; that he wished to invest it in something whereby he might make money a little faster, and he had decided on taking some of his stock and peddle it out. The jeweler selected what he thought would sell readily, and the new peddler started on his trip. He was gone but a few days when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on the second trip. Again he returned and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the jeweler one day asked him what profit he obtained on what he sold. "Well, I put on about five per cent." The jeweler thought that a very small profit, and expressed as much. "Well," said the peddler, "I don't know as I exactly understand about your per cent., but an article for which I pay you one dollar, I generally sell for five."

Don't you want to save money, Customer, when you can? Surely! As there can be no reason if you will see Dobson before he leaves Wednesday. He brings it you for a song, you will always find it. Have your grocer order.

At Home and Abroad.

During the fiscal year which closed June 30, over four thousand million (4,130,440,000) cigars were manufactured in the United States. This is an increase of 63,522,000 over the number manufactured during the previous year, yet, nevertheless, the United States Tobacco Journal claims that the cigar trade is being damaged by the increasing use of bicycles. The theory is that the time thus spent on a bicycle is withdrawn from the possible time for cigar smoking.

If reports are to be believed there is valid excuse for the young unmarried men of Selma, Ala., to remain single for the rest of their natural lives. It seems that the New Woman has assumed such imperious control in that town that the City Councils has passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for married men to appear upon the streets after 9 p. m., unless provided with a written permit from their wives. At this rate, it may soon become necessary for the establishment of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands.

Recent investigation of the operations of the mind indicate that the subject under hypnotic influence is in a partial faint. The effort required to concentrate the attention on the operator or any striking object results in a reaction similar to that produced by strong emotion in "neurotic" women, except that the collapse is only partial, some of the faculties remaining active, while the operation of others is suspended. This hypothesis will account for some phenomena that are not accounted for by the theory that the hypnotized subject is in a condition resembling normal sleep.

Mr. E. Turke, the head chemist of a sugar refinery at Chino, Cal., has recently been making some experiments which have resulted in the completion of the oldest pavement ever laid. It is made mostly of molasses, the kind used having been a refuse product hitherto believed to be utterly worthless. It is simply mixed with a certain kind of sand to about the consistency of asphalt, and laid like an asphalt pavement. The composition dries quickly, and becomes permanently hard. The heat of the sun, instead of softening it makes the pavement harder and drier. A block of the composition successfully withstood repeated blows of a machine hammer, and showed no signs of cracking or bending. Should the pavement prove to be all that is claimed the sugar planters of the South may find a profitable market for the millions of gallons of useless molasses which they are said to have on hand.

Probably nothing in the world can be said to exceed in structural wonder of its kind the labyrinthian system of subsurface timbering peculiar to the Comstock mines, the sum of $5,000,000 being considered a moderate estimate of the cost of the same from the opening of the mines to the present time. The size of the timbers varies from the huge pieces 16 inches square and 21 feet long to the smaller pieces eight inches square used in cribbing. The species employed are chiefly yellow pine, fir and cedar, fully two-thirds of the whole amount being the first named as favorite timber, in fact, with mine carpenters, on account of its exactitude in jointing. Cedar, of course, is inferior to no known timber, not even excepting red wood, for its bearing qualities underground; but it is said that yellow pine has been taken from the lower levels of these mines so completely impervious to pressure it has withstood only to have a density and weight exceeding those of lignum vitæ. Some of the timbers in the Comstock mines have not fairly decayed, and their [illegible] cannot be accurately determined, as the heated vapors of the mines surcharged with mineral atoms appear to have a decidedly preservative effect upon [illegible].

How's This!

[illegible] reward for [illegible] cannot be cured by [illegible]

[illegible] per bottle. [illegible] Druggists.

Our Young Folks.

THE AMIABLE DONKEYS.

BY L. E. A.

"WOULD the young lady and gentleman like to see the donkeys?" said Mrs. Cripps, the lodging house keeper, to Dolly and Harold, on the very first evening of their arrival at Sandbeach last summer.

"Oh, yes!" cried Harold.

"We keep two down in our yard," continued Mrs. Cripps, "and I thought p'raps you'd like to see them."

"May we go now?" pleaded Dolly.

"Certainly, miss." And so saying, Mrs. Cripps led the way out at the back of the house to a little stable, where stood two pretty, dark brown donkeys, eating carrot tops from the hand of a good-tempered looking man, who proved to be Mr. Cripps.

"Are they your very own donkeys?" asked Dolly.

"Yes, miss," answered Mr. Cripps; "I've had them a good many years now."

"What are they called?" asked Harold.

"Ned an' Den, sir."

"Den! What a funny name!" said Harold. "It is not a real name, is it?"

"I don't know that it is, sir; but we called one 'Ned,' and then we called the other 'Ned' spelt backwards, so as there shouldn't be any jealousy between them."

"Oh!" cried Harold, "I didn't think about its being 'Ned' back wards."

"May we ride them?" asked Dolly excitedly.

"Certainly, miss. They're on the sands every morning at eight o'clock; and there couldn't be found two better donkeys in Sandbeach."

Then, while the children patted the little rough brown creatures, Mr. Cripps told them how he had bought Ned and Den eight years ago at a fair when they were only a few months old, and how they had been brought up together ever since, and were now terribly unhappy if they were parted.

"I always try to let them out to one party," said Mr. Cripps, "for then they go finely; but if they happen to be taken different ways, they stop and look about for one another."

Dolly and Harold were much amused at this; and went off to bed, declaring that they would be down on the beach directly after breakfast next morning, for a ride.

Dolly and Harold kept their word. Before nine o'clock next morning both were seated on the pretty white saddles, with the bright red bridles in their hands, ready to start for the first ride. Dolly on Ned and Harold on Den. At first Harold was a wee bit frightened, for he had never ridden before; but when he saw how brave Dolly was, who was "only a girl," he said, "although she was three years older," he determined to be brave also, and soon trotted away across the sands, waving good-bye to Mr. Cripps as he went.

There is always plenty of fun at the seaside—bathing, wading, rushing, scrumping, and building castles of sand; but, of all things, Dolly and Harold enjoyed their donkey-rides the most, and scarcely a day passed without their having a scamper on Ned and Den. But never until quite near the end of their holiday did they think of having a real race; and the way how it happened.

They had been for a scamper over the downs and back across the sands, and were just about to hand over their donkeys to Mr. Cripps, when they heard a terrible screaming close by, and, looking round, they saw a lady trying to soothe and coax a little girl, who was sitting on the sand shrieking and kicking, and refusing to move. Dolly and Harold sat and watched the scene, and it was easy to see that the little maid on the sand was in a most terrible passion about something, for she wriggled and struggled and made herself so stiff and heavy that she could not even be lifted.

After some minutes, the poor lady seemed to give up hope of being able to get the little screamer to move; but suddenly she caught sight of Dolly and Harold watching for troubles, and leaving her small charge on the sand, she came towards the children on the donkeys.

"I wish you would be very kind and help me," she said to Dolly. "My little girl is in great trouble; she has left doll on a rock at the other end of the beach, and I cannot go back to fetch it now because I have not time.

"[illegible]

"No, I can go faster.

"No; I am older!" declared Dolly.

"But you're heavier," protested Harold.

The lady laughingly interrupted them: "I think both had better go," she said. "I should race if I were you, and see which reaches the rock first."

Mr. Cripps smiled knowingly, but the children listened eagerly to the suggestion of a race, and were only anxious to be off.

"I hope it is quite safe," said the lady to Mr. Cripp.

"Quite safe, ma'am, if I know those donkeys," said Mr. Cripps, with another knowing smile.

Dolly and Harold thought nothing of danger. "One, two, three—off!" they cried; and they thought only of the victory then.

"Come up, Den!" cried Harold.

"Be quick, Ned, darling!" pleaded Dolly.

And the donkeys seemed to know what was expected of them, for they sped along finely. Dolly tugged furiously at the bit; Harold whipped up Den with his bridle and, but still the donkeys ran neck and neck, and nothing seemed to alter their pace at all.

"Stupid thing!" gasped Dolly; "I will make him win!" And she tried to hurry Ned more.

At last her efforts seemed to do some good, for Ned made a desperate plunge forward, and in a minute or two his head was beyond Den's head, and soon he had quite pulled away from his little companion. But, alas! after a minute, Ned pricked his ears as if he were listening, then his pace became slower and slower, and then, to Dolly's great surprise, he turned his head and waited for Den to come up!

"Silly thing!" cried Dolly, and tried to coax him forward again. But Harold only laughed, and urged on Den.

Then it really seemed as if Den were going to win after all, for suddenly he shot ahead of Ned in grand style; and the rock was growing very, very near. But all at once he slackened speed as Ned had done, and waited for his friend to overtake him, and Harold's smiles died away as quickly as they had come.

After that, first one galloped ahead, and then the other, but as soon as either heard that his friend's hoofs were behind instead of beside him, he went slower and slower until they were together again. They did not seem to care for victory, and when at last the rock was reached, the donkeys were running neck and neck.

Both children were very hot as they trotted back across the sands again.

"Which won?" cried Mr. Cripps, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"They wouldn't win!" cried Dolly. "We couldn't make them race."

At which Mr. Cripps chuckled. "No, missie; I don't think you could. Those donkeys were brought up to run always as a pair, and what with that training, and their being so fond of each other, nothing will make one run ahead of the other, try as much as you will."

The lady laughed heartily, but she thanked the children very much indeed for rescuing the doll. Dolly and Harold laughed also when they heard the reason why neither of them won the race; but although it happened as long ago as last summer, they still go very red when they are teased about their donkey-race at Sandbeach.

MARRIAGE IN POLAND.—In Poland, it seems, it is not the would-be bridegroom who proposes to his lady-love, but a friend. The two go together to the young girl's house, carrying with them a loaf of bread, a bottle of brandy, and a new pocket-handkerchief. When they are shown into the "best" room, the friend asks for a wine-glass.

If it is produced at once, it is a good sign; if not, they take their leave without another word, as they understand that their proposal would not be accepted.

Suppose however that the desired wine-glass is forthcoming, then the friend drinks to the father and mother's health, and then asks where their daughter is, upon which the mother goes to fetch her. When she comes into the room, the friend always the friend—offers her the glass filled with brandy.

If she puts it to her lips, she is willing and then the proposal is made at once. But it is the fashion to refuse it several times before finally accepting.

Then the friend takes out the new handkerchief and ties the young people's hands together with it, after which it is cast round the girl's head, and she wears it as a sign of betrothal till her wedding-day. A ring is [illegible] after words, as the Scots; they following the proposal the banns are published.

On the wedding-day itself all the bridesmen and bridesmaids go round to all the friends and acquaintances of the two families and invite them to the wedding.

At each house they must dance a Cracovian. During this, the bride is being dressed by other young friends of hers, while young men sing virtuous strophes to her.

When all the guests are assembled, the bride kneels for her parents' blessing, and then she is placed in a carriage with her betrothed and the friend. Upon returning home, bread and salt are presented to the young people, and wheat is thrown over their heads.

The wheat is picked up and afterwards sown: if it bears good fruit, the young couple will be prosperous. Dancing, singing, and feasting are kept up till morning, when the young people are accompanied to their room.

But before then the bride's hair has been cut off, and she is coiffee with the matron's cap. This custom is terrible, but it has to be complied with. The wedding festivities are kept up for seven days and seven nights without interruption, after which the wedding visits begin.

GREAT ON THE PIANO.—"I think," said a well-known orchestral leader to a San Francisco friend, "that the best joke ever played in this town was on an ambitious amateur pianist when Gottschalk was here."

The amateur's father was the owner of a large hall, and he offered the use of it to Gottschalk for his benefit. There was to be a piece for eight pianos, and the amateur was to play one of the instruments. I was leader.

I thought Gottschalk would have a fit when I told him that the amateur couldn't play three straight notes of the piece.

'He is sure to throw us all out,' said I, 'and ruin the performance.'

Gottschalk swore like a major, but it was no good. The bills were out, and he couldn't go back on his programme, even if the gift of the hall for the night was no consideration to him. At last I hit on an idea that fixed the whole business.

The amateur came down to rehearsal, and we praised him until he thought he was to be the star of the night. As soon as he left, we took the hammers out of his piano and made it as dumb as an oyster. I guessed he would never know the difference, with several pianos going at once.

And, just as I thought, that amateur and his friends never discovered the trick. No; he just sailed it and pounded on that piano as if it was the worst enemy he had ever had. He was bound to show off among so many good pianists, and hammered on his keyboard until the perspiration nearly blinded him.

Now and then I looked at him approvingly to give him fresh courage, and every time I did so he gave the piano a lick that nearly made matchwood of it. His friends all around threw bouquets at him till he looked like a wedding-arch; and when it was all over his fond parent fell on his neck in the green-room and slipped a cheque for two hundred and fifty dollars into his hand.

The old man didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, he was so tickled. 'Didn't he do fine,' said he to me—'among so many first class professionals too?' 'I never heard an amateur do so well in public,' said I; and, what's more, I meant it.

OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS IN LAW.—Paris has a new periodical entitled Journal for Mothers-in-Law. The editor says that his object is to defend the social interests of mothers-in-law, and to correct their faults as far as possible by means of friendly criticism. One article in the first number of this novel weekly is on "The Ideal Mother-in-Law." Another is under the headline, "A Misunderstood Mother-in-Law." The author of the latter article is a woman, who complains that her son-in-law has been so prejudiced against her by current jokes concerning mothers-in-law that he suspects her most unselfish motives and rejects her kindest offers of advice or assistance. In the prospectus of future numbers, the editor announces that many eminent writers have agreed to contribute articles on various phases of the great mother-in-law subject.

WIFE: "What do you think of Bridget's cooking?" Husband: "I think if she tried to boil water she'd burn it."

With but little care and no trouble, the beard and moustache can be kept a uniform brown or black color by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Ten patents for pneumatic shoes have been taken out.

Russet rubbers to wear over russet shoes are a novelty.

Japanese saws have their teeth pointing towards the handle.

Pigeons have been used as mail carriers for about seven hundred years.

A French railroad company has ordered clocks to be placed on the outside of every locomotive.

There is a street collection in London for one benevolent institution or another on almost every Saturday.

The Chinese believe their music to be the first in the world. European music they consider to be barbaric and horrible.

In Lawrence, Kan., the other day, the life of a man who had hiccoughed steadily for six days was saved by spraying him with water.

In Ledyard, a small town in Connecticut, is a house built prior to 1719, which bears the title of the "Devil's House." A curse is supposed to rest upon it.

A tanning concern in Seattle has received in one consignment 115 bales of deerskins, weighing 18 tons, and representing, probably, several thousand dead deer.

An undertaker on Long Island will furnish now at funerals a phonograph, loaded with a sermon and a hymn, which will take the place of a preacher and a choir.

It was stated some time ago by one of the heads of the departments of the London and North western Railway, that that company issued yearly 30 tons of railway tickets.

Probably the largest species of spider known to entomologists makes its home in the most mountainous regions of Europe. It spins a net of yellow silk sometimes ten feet wide.

France has refused to decorate the World's Fair Managers with ribbons of the Legion of Honor, as was intended, because the latter treated the French exhibitors shabbily.

A suit over the title of a lot in San Francisco, which was begun in 1859 and has been in the United States Circuit Court during the 25 years since, was dismissed a few days ago.

Though the French Government builds fine school houses in its communes and provides for the training of teachers, village schoolmasters are hard to find, and the supply is falling off every year.

Georgia papers are telling, in apparent good faith, of a negro at Blakely, Ga., who was struck on the head by a bolt of lightning a few days ago, and who, though receiving a deep gash in his scalp, is now as spry as ever.

It is proposed by means of the electrophone to connect London's churches and chapels with the hospitals, so that the sermons preached each Sunday may be heard by the patients without leaving their beds.

A Capuchin friar in the South of France named Father Joseph has been in the habit of firing off a cannon to attract congregations. The cannon blew up recently, killing a man some distance off, and the friar was fined 200 francs for "homicide through imprudence."

Russia is so anxious to colonize quickly the Amur district with Cossacks, in order to watch the Chinese frontier, that she offers each male settler sixteen of land, free, a loan of $325, without interest for 35 years, and exemption from taxes for three years and from military service for five.

Every one who has spent a few nights in a German town or village must have been amused by the strange and original cries of the watchmen who guess their rounds with cape and helmet, lantern and spear and has a different rhyme for every hour of the night. These watchmen are fast disappearing.

French and Belgian carrier pigeons were recently set free from a steamer leaving St. Nazaire; the first batch, released 75 miles from land, though the weather was hazy, did not circle around the ship, but made for the shore at once; so did those released at 150 and at 225 miles. Enough returned safely to them owners to leave no doubt about the feasibility of using them as messengers from the sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanford has but one son, and they almost doted him. The young man died some years ago when abroad with his tutor. Everything is preserved as he left it when he went away. Among the plaything of his boyhood was a toy railroad laid across the lawn and through the shrubbery of his father's place. At one end of the miniature road is a shed in which is still stored the tiny, yet perfect, locomotive and cars. The whole when new cost thousands of dollars.

The Rock Island Railroad recently put into [illegible] excellent plan to test the honesty of its conductors. They were informed that [illegible] would no longer be employed on the road, and that [illegible] this saved would be [illegible] distributed to the wages of the conductors. Accordingly, the conductors [illegible] hereafter, but [illegible] reported [illegible] as such. The plan [illegible] working to the entire satisfaction of both the company and those directly affected.

A BROKEN TOY.

BY S. O.

Not that you were the fairest of the throng,
Not that your eyes made other eyes look dim;
I think I do not Truth the smallest wrong
To say, in you dwelt much caprice and whim.
Not altogether beauty, not all worth,
Hung you with jewels to my ravish'd sight;
Yet, long I've held you dearest upon earth,
And thought whate'er you did must sure be right.
To miss you, was to pine; to see you, pleasure;
To do your thousand biddings was a joy;
But, now, you fill another's golden leisure,
And cast my love aside—a broken toy.
With your old smile you greet, and pass me by,
The fates forbid that more ado make I!

THE ART OF MOSAIC.

This beautiful method of cementing various kinds of stones, glass, etc., seems to have originated in Persia, whence it found its way into Greece in the time of Alexander, and into Rome about 170 B. C. The critics are divided as to the origin and reason of the name. Some derive it from "moisaicum," a corruption of "musaicum," or, as it was called among the Romans, "musivum." Scaliger derives it from the Greek "Morisa," and imagines the name was given to this sort of work by reason of its ingenuity and exquisite delicacy. Nebricensis is of opinion it was so called because "ex illis picturis ornabantur musea:" with these pictures were ornamented museums.

Mosaic-work of glass is used principally for the ornamentation and decoration of sacred edifices. Some of the finest specimens of this work are to be seen in the pompous Church of the Invalids at Paris, and the fine Chapel at Versailles.

Mosaic-work in marble is used for pavements of churches, basilicas and palaces, and in the incrustation and veneering of the walls of the same structures. As for that of precious stones, it seems to be used only for ornaments for altar-pieces and tables for rich cabinets.

The mosaic manufacture at the present day in Rome is one of the most extensive and profitable of the fine arts, and the trade is carried on entirely at the cost of the Government. Workmen are constantly employed in copying paintings for altar-pieces, though the works of the first masters are fast mouldering away on the walls of forgotten churches. The French, at Milan, appear to have set the example by copying in mosaic the "Lord's Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci; but their plan was to do much for Milan and nothing for Rome, and consequently a great many invaluable frescoes of Michelangelo, Raphael, Domenichino and Guido were left to perish. It takes about seven or eight years to finish a mosaic copy of a painting of the ordinary historical size, two men being constantly occupied in the work. It generally costs from eight to ten thousand crowns; but the time and expense are, of course, regulated by the intricacy of the subject and quantity of the work.

Raphael's "Transfiguration" cost about twelve thousand crowns, and it took nine years to complete, ten men constantly working at it. The execution of some of the latter work is, however, considered very inferior. The slab upon which the mosaic is made is generally of travertin (or tiburtin) stones, connected together by iron clamps. Upon the surface of this a mastic, or cementing paste, is gradually spread, as the progress of the work requires it, which forms the adhesive ground, or bed, upon which the mosaic is laid. The mastic is composed of fine lime from burnt marble, and finely powdered travertin stone, mixed to the consistence of a paste with linseed oil. Into this paste are fixed the "smalts" of which the mosaic picture is formed. They are a mixed species of opaque, vitrified glass, partaking of the nature of stone and glass, and composed of a variety of minerals and materials, colored, for the most part, with different metallic oxides. Of these, no fewer than seventeen hundred different shades are in use. They are manufactured in Rome, in the form of long slender rods like wires, of various degrees of thickness, and are cut into pieces of the requisite size, from the pin point to an inch. When the picture is completed finished, and the cement thoroughly dried, it is highly polished.

Mosaic, though an ancient art, is not merely a revived, but an improved one. The Romans only used colored marbles at first, or natural stones, in its composition, which admitted of little variety; but the invention of "smalts" has given it a wider range, and made the imitation of painting far closer. The mosaic-work at Florence is totally different from this, being merely inlaying in pietre dure, or natural precious stones of every variety, which forms beautiful and very costly imitations of shells, flowers, figures, etc., but bears no similitude to painting.

Besides the Government establishment at Rome, there are hundreds of artists, or artisans, who carry on the manufacture of mosaics on a small scale. Snuff-boxes, rings, necklaces, brooches, ear-rings, etc., are produced in immense quantities; and since the Americans have flocked in such numbers to Rome, all the streets leading to the Piazza di Spagna are lined with the shops of these musaicisti, etc.

Oriental shells are made at Rome into beautiful cameos by the white outer surface being cut away upon the deeper-colored internal part, forming figures in minute bassi-relievi. The subjects are chiefly taken from ancient gems, and sometimes from sculpture and painting. The shells used for this purpose are principally brought from the Levant; and a great many of these shell cameos make remarkably beautiful ornaments. Hundreds of artists also support themselves in Rome by making casts, sulphurs, etc., from ancient gems and medals, and in selling or fabricating antiques.

In Clavigero's "History of Mexico," a curious and extremely quaint kind of mosaic-work is mentioned as having been made by the ancient Mexicans of the most delicate and beautiful feathers of birds. Various species of birds of fine plumage, with which Mexico abounds, appear to have been raised specially for this purpose, in private houses as well as in the palace of the king; and at certain seasons the birds were plucked and the feathers sold in the market to the mosaic-workers. When a work in mosaic was about to be undertaken, all the artists assembled together, and after having agreed upon a design, and taken their measures and proportions, each artist charged himself with the execution of a certain portion of the work.

Grains of Gold.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.

Example is the school of mankind, they will learn at no other.

Keep good men company and you shall be one of the number.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted that it may return to better thinking.

If a falsehood paralyzed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society.

Revenge is but the debasement of yourself to a lower level than that of your adversary.

Truth was not made for the benefit of infidels, who are its foes, but for willing apprehensions.

A becoming decency of exterior may not be necessary for ourselves, but it is agreeable to others.

No very great man ever reached the standard of his greatness in the crowd of his contemporaries.

The true boundary of man is moderation. Whence one we pass that pale our guardian angel quits his charge of us.

There is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time and all things in succession. That which grows slowly endures.

Femininities.

Dinners given by women to women exclusively are quite popular with the swell set.

Old maids are cross to the world in general because they no husbands to expend their ill-temper on.

Mrs. George Lewis, of Boston, thinks she is the youngest grandmother in America. Her age is 32 years.

Miss Douglass, the champion amateur markswoman of England, recently scored 57 bull's eyes in succession with a revolver at 20 yards range.

Mamma: "This medicine is not hard to take. It hasn't any bad taste at all." Johnnie: "But I must have some candy after it, just the same!"

In taking a new house, the first thought of the woman is where shall the piano be put?—Of the man, which shall be the smoking-room?

A young lady studying French, and finding that "belle" meant "fine," told somebody in a letter that we had a great deal of belle weather lately.

A clergyman, consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal. "I don't know about that," remarked the sobbing fair one, "but I'll try."

A beautiful but blind young lady recovered her sight after marriage. On hearing this, a bachelor wickedly observed that it was no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

Superintendent of Insane Asylum.—"What's that woman howling about?" Attendant—"She doesn't like her straight jacket." "Does she want it taken off?" Yes; she wants one with puffed sleeves."

"Doctor," said a man to Abernethy, "my daughter had a fit, and continued for half an hour without sense or knowledge." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

A girl, 12 years old, named Essie Bates, of Webster, Mass., weighs 310 pounds and is still growing rapidly. She is bright and active, and it is said that few men can handle a pair of oars as gracefully as she can.

Cut flowers will keep fresh if a small pinch of nitrate of potash, or common saltpetre, is put in the water in which they stand. The ends of the stems should be cut off a little every day to keep open the absorbing pores.

Mrs. Mary Winslow is traveling through Western New York as proprietor and operator of a peripatetic photograph car. She wears a man's hat, carries a revolver, is a first class artist and has more orders than she can attend to.

The police of a Paris suburb recently arrested a woman for setting off fireworks without a permit, and found that the occasion for the display was a small fete which she was giving to a number of her friends in celebration of her husband's death.

In a cemetery in the suburbs of Lowell, Mass., there are five headstones all alike, except the inscriptions. The first one reads: "First wife of John Smith," and the second, "Second wife," and so on until the fifth stone, which reads, "John Smith, at last."

Penelope, triumphantly: "I heard last night that Jack was head-over-ears in love with me." Grace, jealously: "You cannot believe all you hear." Penelope: "No, but I should not wonder if there was something in it." Grace: "Why? Who told you?" Penelope: "He did."

A few days ago Margaret O'Brien, a seven year old girl of Fall River, Mass., was playing "hide the bean" with a number of other children. She put the bean in her ear and it worked itself into her head. A physician removed it, but the little girl died as the result of the operation.

"Oh, we had the loveliest arrangement at our church society last week. Every woman contributed to the missionary cause that which she earned herself by hard work." "How did you get yours?" "From my husband." "I shouldn't call that earning it yourself by hard work." "You don't know my husband."

A backwoodsman promised to send the minister fifty pounds of maple sugar for marrying him. Time passed on, and no maple sugar arrived to sweeten the minister's household. Some months later he saw the newly married husband in town, and ventured to remind him. "My friend, you did not send the maple sugar you promised." With saddened countenance, the man looked up and replied, "To tell you the truth, governor, she ain't worth it!"

A number of enterprising college girls of Hillsdale, Mich., are earning money during the summer to pay next winter's tuition by serving as waiters in a summer hotel at Little Traverse Bay. They all went on a strike recently because beefsteak was dropped from their bill of fare for breakfast. In one day after their withdrawal the landlord realized the value of his fair handmaidens' services, and accordingly acceded to their demand. It is said that now the best that the house affords is at the disposal of the independent young women.

Masculinities.

Little sticks kindle the fire, but big ones put it out.

A lazy fellow lying down on the grass, said, "Oh, how I do wish that this was called work, and well paid for!"

An old bachelor, seeing the words "families supplied" over the door of a shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

Daughter: "Papa went away in very good spirits this morning." **Mother:** "Good gracious! That reminds me that I forgot to ask him for some money?"

Mlle. Paulina, of Holland, is probably the tiniest woman on the planet. She is 18 years old, weighs less than nine pounds, and lacks four inches of being as high as a two-foot rule.

Mr. Robinson: "I'm a self-made man, I'd have you know, Mrs. Robinson." **Mrs. Robinson:** "I hope so. I certainly don't want you to go about telling people I made you what you are."

The old legend of the red-headed girl and the white horse has been re-modeled. It has been discovered that whenever a red-headed girl is seen on a wheel there is in the neighborhood a white man on a bicycle.

"How do you feel this morning, James?" "Very well, I thank you. I did think, when I came out, that I was not not so well; but I know I am better now, for I just met the undertaker, and he looked black at me!"

According to Aristotle, women in some Grecian cities owned a great deal of real estate, voted, held office and enlisted in the army. The "new woman" was so unpopular in Athens that a play was written satirizing her desire to control the city.

Mrs. Rusher: "Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mabel?" **Mabel:** "Yes, aunt." **Mrs. Rusher:** "I am so glad! And what did he say?" **Mabel** "He declared he would never marry."

Mrs. White: "I told Mrs. Green about my troubles last evening. You do not think she will tell them to any one else, do you?" Mrs. Gray: "I don't know. She makes no secret of her age, you know; and a woman who will tell her age will tell anything."

"What shall I help you to?" inquired a lady of a modest youth at the dinner table. "A wife," was the meek reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly; and it is said that the kind offices of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.

Mr. Paul Novicow, a Russian, is writ-ing to demonstrate that poverty is due to human stupidity, as a result of which, it is said, not more than one person in ten is well fed and well clothed. He thinks the stupidity consists chiefly in producing too little and wasting too much.

A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of rooks nine miles long, so thick that you could not see the sun through it. "Don't believe it," was the reply. "Wal," said the narrator, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you. So to please you I'll take off a quarter of a mile from the thinnest part!"

John Hunter, the great teacher of anatomy, in demonstrating the jaw bone, observed that the bone was known to abound in proportion to the want of brains. Some students at the time were talking instead of attending to the lecture, when Hunter exclaimed, "Gentlemen, let us have more intellect, and less jaw."

Love has caused more quarrelling than all other passions of the human heart. Doctor Doggerel says, in one of his notable discourses in the Lantern, that "courtship is a masquerade, in which each party dons its best to deceive the other. When the parson sanctifies the nexus, each party throws aside the domino, and appears in the true character."

The British Admiral Lucas, now reported dying, enjoys the distinction of having been the first person to win the highly prized decoration of the Victoria Cross, only conferred for exceptional feats of gallantry. He received it while a mid-shipman in the Crimean war for having seized a shell that had fallen on the deck of the ship Hecla and flung it overboard just a second before it exploded.

Apropos of the general election and also of the third matrimonial venture of the old Duke of Argyll, a good story comes from England. Lord Lorne, the Duke's eldest son, was addressing a political meeting, and was being chaffed by a bystander, who finally asked: "Is it true that your father is going to be married again?" Lord Lorne admitted the impeachment, and then came the questions: "Why does he marry again?" "Because," was the prompt answer, "because he is a Liberal Unionist!"

The King of Siam has devised a plan by which he can not only keep office seekers at a distance, but enjoy himself when the thermometer is up in the nineties. He has had a glass house constructed at the bottom of a lake in the royal grounds, and had it fitted up luxuriously. When he retires to it air is pumped into it by an ingenious system and there are telephone and electric bell attachments, by which he can make his wants known and have them supplied.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Of gowns likely to attract attention one is in genet yellow batiste. The skirt is wide and flaring, but is in cloche, or bell shape, at the back and sides, while the front is knife plaited. These plaits are closely laid at the waist, forming a very narrow front gore, but they are not flatly pressed, and spread rapidly as they descend, producing a very graceful skirt. The edge is finished by a plain hem.

The bodice, which is mounted on a very deep square yoke of lace, is draped with fullness at the sides, but plaited in the front to form suite to the front of the skirt. The lace yoke is laid over mauve silk, and large bows of mauve ribbon, with buckles in the centre, adorn the front of gown at the bust and waist. The full puffed sleeves are tied round the top of the arm by knotted bands of mauve ribbon, and the gown is completed by a full collar band of batiste.

The hat is of black straw, trimmed with mauve ribbons and white tulle.

Another is a costume composed of blue crepon, striped with black, white cloth, and changeable silk garnished with lace. The very wide flaring skirt of crepon is plain at the edge, but is adorned at the waist by two short ends of changeable silk covered with white lace, the belt to which the skirt is attached being en suite.

The very small open jacket of crepon is edged round the front by a frill of fine lace, and garnished by revers of the lace-covered silk, tapering toward the neck and forming a round collar at the back. The immense leg of mutton sleeves are of crepon, and the entire jacket is neatly lined with changeable silk.

The very full blouse of white cloth is mounted with a narrow band, upon a square yoke of the cloth, garnished down the centre of the front by a strap of cloth between the rows of buttons. The neck is finished by a roll collar of the white cloth, and cuffs en suite are turned up over the sleeves of the jacket. The cravat bow is of dark blue silk.

The small toque of black straw is trimmed with roses, white lace and black wings.

A very pretty corsage may be fashioned in blue linen, with white batiste and yellow Valenciennes lace. A moderately full blouse bodice is made of the batiste, striped cross wise with bands of lace insertion and shirred at the neck and waist. Over this bodice straps of linen, edged by ruffles of lace, are arranged, meeting at the neck. The bouffante puffed sleeves are terminated at the elbow by frills of lace, and the neck and waist are finished by white ribbons, with bows.

A pretty gown is in white tulle, with sprays of sweet peas showing in each fold, has large puffed sleeves in dark violet velvet, the shade of the sweet peas.

In short, the garden party toilette is like the ball gown, with the exception of the decolletage; it is identical in the employment of linen, gauze, muslin, nainsook and grenadine.

The tailor costume is also much in vogue, and is generally made in cheviot, tweed, serge or mohair. The one here meant is fashioned in marine blue mohair, trimmed with linen braid. The skirt is moderately wide and very flaring, having a very wide front gore, with strapped side seams, adorned at the top by a design formed of the linen braid.

The open jacket is close fitting in the back and half fitting in front, the short, full basque, as well as the large, round collar and scalloped revers, is edged with braid, and the jacket is provided with two pockets, also edged with braid. A large pearl button adorns it at each side of the waist, and the very bouffante gigot sleeves are adorned in a novel manner by bands of the braid. The close fitting low vest of mohair is braided in gold cord, and garnished by a double row of brass buttons. The chemisette and collar band, cut in one, are composed of linen, with a plaited frill of the same down the centre of the front, and are fastened with studs.

The large black straw hat is trimmed with a black plume, a large shaded chrysanthemum and algrette loops, of light taffeta ribbon.

White mohair is considered very chic for suits made in a similar fashion, and is especially pretty when garnished with moire silk and pearl buttons. A stylish costume in this mode had a jacket with close-fitting back and loose fronts, the full basque being very short. It had a double set of collar and revers, clasped at the front of the neck, and composed of white moire. A moderately wide belt of moire held the fronts in position, and the large gigot sleeves of mohair and moire cuffs. The jacket was lined throughout with corn-colored satin and worn with a lace vest.

Pale pink is the popular color in undressed kid gloves for evening wear, and pale yellow and very light tan are worn in the afternoon, with a darker shade of tan for morning and traveling. To be quite fashionable all gloves must fit loosely. Summer gloves for bicycling purposes are of silk and lisle thread, with leather on the inside of the hand to make them serviceable.

Plaid, striped and flowered ribbons are one of the conspicuous fads of fashion, and are the main feature in many thin gowns.

White wash silk knickerbockers are the summer novelty in the dual undergarments.

The demand for shirt waists exceeds that of any other season on record, and they are made in a greater variety of materials than ever before, the latest of which is dimity made up with white linen collars and cuffs.

Another whim of fashion which amounts to a craze is the large collar of lawn, batiste, lace chiffon and embroidery, which is displayed in such a diversity of styles in the shops, and worn over every imaginable sort of gown in the street.

The new plain and figured mohairs are gaining favor very rapidly. They are very silky in appearance, light in weight and do not hold the dust. The new alpacas most approved of fashion are a widely meshed material, peculiarly glossy, but almost rough in finish.

A change in the cut of our gowns, which seems imminent and originated in Paris, is the long shoulder seam, which is slowly but surely gaining ground. At present the wide collars disguise the tendency, but by the time they have had their day we will awake to the fact that the old time extended shoulder seam, with all its discomfort, has been revived.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Bread Pudding.—On a pint of fine stale bread or cracker crumbs pour boiling water and stir in a tablespoonful of melted butter. After standing till thoroughly soaked add two well-beaten eggs and half a cupful of sugar. On the bottom of a buttered pudding dish put a thin layer of this batter, over it a layer of sliced peaches, and so on, dredging each layer of peaches with sugar, till the dish is full, having batter at the top. In a moderate oven about an hour will be required for the baking. Serve with sweetened cream. This is an excellent way for using second quality peaches.

Potted Tongue.—Ingredients: One unsmoked tongue, three pounds in weight, or a regular tongue, to be had of any grocer, three quarters of a pound of butter, quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne, three teaspoonfuls of pounded mace, quarter of a teaspoonful of nutmeg and pounded cloves. Boil the tongue and allow it to cool. Then remove the rind, and pound the tongue in a mortar, with the other ingredients, as fine as possible; then press it into pots, and pour clarified butter on the top.

Tomato Omelet.—One quart of tomatoes chopped finely (after the skin is removed), and put into a saucepan with two finely chopped onions, a little butter, salt and pepper, one cracker pounded finely, cover tightly and let it simmer about an hour. Beat five eggs to a froth; have the griddle hot, grease it well, stir the eggs into the tomatos, beat together and pour into the griddle. Brown on one side, fold and brown on the other. Serve hot. Half of the above may be used if desired.

Light Cake.—Quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, one large teaspoonful of baking powder, three eggs, one teacupful of milk, half a pound of sultanas or currants. Put the butter and sugar (it should be fine) in a basin and mix it with a spoon till it is well worked together, then beat up the eggs and put them in, and mix for good five minutes; then put in a little flour and a little milk time about, beating hard all the time; then, when all is used up, the baking powder and the fruit, which must be well and carefully cleaned; prepare a cake pan, grease it and paper it, and put the cake in the oven till it is firm and ready.

Boiled Cucumbers.—Pare them and boil slowly in salted water until tender. Serve on toast, with drawn butter poured over them.

Fried Cucumbers.—Pare and cut into lengthwise slices half an inch thick and lay in ice water an hour; wipe each piece dry with a soft cloth, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and dredge with flour. Fry a light brown in lard or butter.

Clam Juice for Disordered Stomach.—This broth will be found most acceptable before breakfast, and is so easily prepared that it can be made fresh daily. Put into a saucepan, agate or porcelain-lined, six medium sized clams, previously scrubbed and washed of all sand, and cover with water. Cover and let boil until all the clams are opened, then take out the shellfish and boil for one minute, carefully skimming; strain and season with salt and pepper, add a little butter and serve piping hot. This method has the advantage over the method of first opening the clams and then boiling, in that all the restorative properties of the clams as well as the lime in the shells are preserved.

Chicken.—A very nice way of cooking a tender chicken is in a pilau. Take a chicken of about two pounds. Cut it up as you do for a fricasee. Fry an onion in a large tablespoonful of butter, adding also a quarter of a green pepper, cut in bits. When the vegetables are colored put in the chicken. It requires a very large iron spider to hold a whole chicken. When the chicken is fried brown on one side turn it on the other. It may require a little more butter. Moisten the whole with a pint of good broth or gravy and half a cup of tomato sauce. Add six mushrooms, salt and pepper, and a little saffron, enough to give it a pale yellow, but not enough to flavor it perceptibly. The saffron is added chiefly for appearance sake and may be left out. Cook a cupful of well washed rice in broth until it is thoroughly done. When the pilau is done, which will take about twenty minutes' simmering, heap the rice as a border around it, sprinkle about three tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese over the rice border and serve at once. Tender chickens are very nice cut up as for fricasee, then dipped in a little beaten egg and rolled in fine bread crumbs and then fried for about ten minutes in abundance of hot fat. Or they may be roasted in the oven for about twenty minutes, first pouring a little melted butter over each piece. Serve the chicken with tartare sauce or a piquant tomato sauce. It should be accompanied at this season by corn fritters. The usual sauce served with chicken cooked in this way is cream sauce.

Boiled Fowl.—Boiled fowl is a capital dish. If half roasted, then split and finished on the gridiron, it will be less dry than if wholly boiled.

Ambrosia.—Peel some sweet oranges, slice them, and lay them in a glass dish with alternate layers of grated cocoa nut and sugar to taste, putting a layer of cocoanut on the top, and pouring over the whole a glass of good sherry. Place on ice till needed, and serve very cold.

Hard Times Pudding.—Half pint golden syrup, half pint water, two teaspoonfuls soda, one teaspoonful salt; thicken with flour (sifted) to a batter thick as cup-cake; put into pudding boiler, half full, to allow for swelling; boil steadily three hours; eat with or without sauce.

Galoni.—Half pound of flour, a pinch of salt, two eggs beaten, quarter of a pound of butter; knead all very thoroughly for three-quarters of an hour, roll out very thin, cut in strips or any fancy shapes, fry in boiling lard, place on a hot dish with a napkin, sprinkle with pounded sugar, and serve.

Blood Maker and Purifier.—Mix half an ounce sulphate of manganese with one pint water. Dose, a wine glassful three times a day. This can be used in the place of iron tonic, or in connection with it.

Fine Corn Plaster.—In a piece of card, cut a round hole the size of the central portion of the corn; lay the card on a piece of adhesive plaster, and warm the spot of plaster exposed by the hole in the card, by holding a hot iron near it for a second or two; then remove the card and sprinkle some finely powdered nitrate of silver on the warm spot of the plaster. When cold, shake off the loose powder, and apply to the corn. Two or three applications seldom fail to cure.

Salve for all Wounds.—Take one pound hog's lard, three ounces white lead, three ounces red lead, three ounces bees-wax two ounces black resin, and four ounces common turpentine; all these ingredients must be put together in a pan, and boiled three quarters of an hour; the turpentine to be put in just before it is done enough, and give it a gentle boil afterward. This is an excellent cure for burns, sores or ulcers, as it first draws, then heals afterward; it is excellent for all wounds.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pain around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford instantaneous ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL

SUMMER COMPLAINTS

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Internally—half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Biliousness.
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

SECRET TRIBUNALS.

THE Inquisition was established in 1208 by Pope Innocent III. in Languedoc, for the suppression of the Albigenses and Troubadours. From its establishment in Spain five-and-twenty years later, it rapidly spread all over the Continent. It gave the death-blow to the Knights Templar; in 1481 it drove the Jews out of Spain. At this time the famous Torquemada was Grand Inquisitor. He was a short, stout man, little suggestive in appearance of a bigot. It is possible that his ravages are exaggerated; but even when we allow for error in this respect, the number of persons who were put to death under his inquisitorship is enormous. His harshness was so unbending and his punishments so rigorous, that he was several times obliged to account for his conduct to the Pope. Throughout the long, record of the Santa Hermandad, there is no trace of any redeeming action. It was established to root out heresy, and with terrible earnestness it did its work.

The Inquisition was omnipresent; it followed in the wake of the Conquistadores into Peru and Mexico; it descended upon the unhappy Netherlands in the van of the Duke of Alva.

In the reign of Philip II. the Inquisition reached the summit of its power, for it had become a recognized Spanish institution, and the people were no more shocked at an auto da fe than at a bull-fight. But with the growth of civilization the Inquisition declined. It continued to linger on, but it was only a shadow; and when the soldiers of Napoleon entered the inquisitoral prison, they found few prisoners to liberate. The rack and wheel had grown rusty, the cords and pulleys were rotting on the beam.

Poe's horrible nightmare tale of the torture by the pendulum is centuries behind its time; the pendulum was there, but the knife was blunt and dull, and the mechanism was broken and useless. An attempt was made to re-establish the Inquisition in 1814, and many persons were imprisoned; but the time for even the mummery of persecution was past. The people broke out into revolt, burnt the prisons, and drove away the familiars. In 1820 the Inquisition was blotted out.

Widely different from the Inquisition in every respect was the Vehmgerichte or Holy Vehm. This tribunal was formed in Westphalia towards the close of the thirteenth century for the punishment of those who were too powerful to be brought before the ordinary law court. It was very similar in origin to the English Star Chamber. The state of Germany at this time was utterly anarchic; the title of ruler of the Holy Roman Empire was an empty dignity; the land was filled with marauding "lanzknechten" out of employ, with savage barons who were nothing more or less than robbers, with bishops who ravaged their dioceses. The Vehmgerichte was the only institution in Germany which had the power of enforcing order; as it was secret, it could neither be bribed nor terrorised. Its authority was very great; it even summoned the Emperor to appear before its free courts, who, though he did not obey the summons, dared not resent the indignity. Though it was never formally abolished till 1811, when the last vestige of it was declared legally non-existent by a decree of Napoleon, it generally lost its authority as the necessity for it ceased.

A description of its constitution and procedure may be of interest. There were three degrees among its members: the chief were the "Stuhlherren," or lord justices; the next were "Schoppen," or sheriffs; the lowest, "Frohnboten," or messengers.

There were secret signs and pass-words, and traitors were invariably put to death. An accused person was summoned to appear before the "free court;" he was cited three times, intervals of six weeks being allowed to elapse between the citations. If he failed to appear, he was condemned in contumacium. If, however, he appeared, he was permitted to bring thirty witnesses, and was allowed the privilege of legal advocacy and advice, and even the right of appeal to the higher court. The extreme punishment was death by hanging; and it is probable that torture was employed to extort evidence from unwilling winesses, though, of course, this was only in accordance with the usual judicial procedure of the time.

Identical with the Holy Vehm in constitution and aim was the Beati Paoli, a Sicilian society. Of these, very little is known. They were a popular secret society, and much dreaded. Their existence was first discovered in 1185, and they existed down to the very commencement of the present century. Though not so powerful or so great as the Vehmgerichte, they exerted a considerable influence upon Sicily and South Italy.

After the Company of Troubadours, the most attractive secret society is certainly that of the Rosicrucians, or the Society of the Rosy Cross. It was theirs to invest the debased art of alchemy with a fantastic charm, none the less graceful because it was unreal. They were very closely connected with the Troubadours, holding the 'Romaunt of the Rose' as the epic of their order. Their professed aim was the restoration of the 'sciences'—that is, alchemy and astrology—to their true spheres. Their tenets and ceremonies were of the most graceful and poetical description, very different from the stern Vehmic code and the crude mummery of other secret societies. Their briefs were worthy of their general character. Boldly and unreservedly, they denied the grotesque horrors of monkish theology—there was no witchcraft or sorcery; incubus and succubus had no existence; the unseen world was peopled, not with horned devils and dismal spectres, but with beautiful spirits, loving mankind. It is to them that we owe nearly all the folklore of ancient Germany —of the gnomes which toil in the mines, of the legend of Undine, of the sylphs which inhabit the air. The sect spread into Scotland and Sweden and throughout all Europe. It gradually became merged in the craft of Freemasons.

An article giving an account of the principal secret societies would be incomplete without some mention of the Illuminati, a sect which attracted a great deal of attention, and to which, as to the Nihilists of to-day, a very exaggerated influence and power was attributed. It was founded by a student, Adam Weishaupt, in 1776, and had political and educational aims. Space does not permit us to give the long list of degrees and classes into which the Illuminati were divided. There were three main stages—Nursery, Masonry, and Mysteries which were again divided and subdivided. The members assumed the names of various ancients; Weishaupt, for instance, called himself Spartacus.

The statutes and instructions of the order were discovered after its suppression in 1786, and give evidence of considerable knowledge of mankind, being written much after the style of Machiavelli's "Prince." There was probably no society which attracted so much attention with so little reason at the time; mention is made of it in nearly all contemporary works.

To give an account, of even the briefest details, of one half of all secret societies known would be impossible. The majority had political aims, as the Carbonari in Italy, who existed from time immemorial down to the commencement of the present century, directed against Papal tyranny; in Germany was the Tugendbund, against Napoleon; others were mere hordes of robbers, as the Chauffeurs in France, and the Garduna in Spain. There were many semi religious societies, as the Swedenborgians, and Asiatic societies without number.

LIFE IN BED.—We all know that sleep is as necessary as food to the support of animal life. Our trial machinery would soon wear out without it, and if it were not for the intervals of healthful insensibility that sleep affords to the brain, we should all go mad with too much thinking. Even plants sleep, and the cold lymph that flows through their venous systems would cease to circulate if the active principles of their existence were not recruited by repose.

Children are believed to grow faster during slumber than when awake; and, although some very smart modern philosophers have advanced the theory that it is possible for man to live and enjoy life without sleep, the doctrine, like the equally absurd dogma that it is possible to live without sustenance, is so manifestly absurd that common sense laughs it to scorn. But bed is not for sleep solely. We lie down to slumber, but we pass many an hour in bed calculating, planning, hoping, imagining. The course of our lives is shaped, to some extent, as we lie between the sheets and blankets.

Of the still night and the early morning are born mighty schemes that are carried out in the stirring day. The mind awakes from a profound and dreamless slumber with all its faculties invigorated and emboldened. Difficulties that appalled us when fatigued and overworn lose half their terrors in the presence of an intellect strengthened by perfect rest.

Sleep is to the brain what prostration on the bosom of their mother earth was to the Titans: we arise from it "giants refreshed." Perhaps the myth which represents the "flooring" of those rebellious demi gods as having such a genial effect on their muscular powers, was intended to typify the uses of "tired Nature's sweet restorer." There are both strength and wisdom in the pillow, else why should the propriety of consulting it have grown into a proverb?

MILK STERILIZATION.—The Bureau of Animals Industry of Washington has, at the request of the Secretary of Agriculture drawn up a series of simple instructions for the sterilization of milk without boiling, which are worthy of careful consideration. These directions state that the milk to be sterilized for the use of children should be placed in a perfectly clean bottle, which is to be put inside any convenient metal vessel, into which cold water should be poured until it reaches the level of the milk in the bottle. The mouth of the bottle should be closed, not with a cork, but with a plug of clean white cotton. It will be found more convenient in practice to raise the bottle containing the milk about half an inch from the bottom of the outer vessel by a wire stand, perforated plate, or any other convenient means, as this facilitates the circulation of the hot water round the milk bottle. The saucepan or outer vessel should then be placed on a fire, or preferably on a stove, and slowly heated until the temperature of the water in it reaches 155 deg. Fahrenheit. The vessel should then be taken from the fire and covered over closely, a piece of woollen cloth, blanket, or thin drugget answering very well. It should remain covered for half an hour, at the expiration of which time the bottle of milk should be taken out and put in a cool place. The milk may be used at any time within the twenty-four hours. The cotton, however, should not be removed, as it prevents the entrance of dust or germs of any kind.

THE STREETS OF VENICE.—Many persons are under a great misapprehension as to the means of transit or locomotion in Venice. It is a mistake to suppose that there are no streets, and that it is absolutely necessary to go from place to place by gondola. It is true that three bridges—the Rialto bridge of the Middle Ages, and two modern iron bridges—span the Grand Canal which divides the city in equal halves; it is true that the city is built upon one hundred and seventeen islands, intersected by one hundred and fifty small canals and two thousand, four hundred and eighty passages, but almost every one of the water streets has a quay or footpath bordering it, while four hundred bridges unite island to island, so that it is quite possible to go to every part of the city on foot, although few perhaps would care to do so, for there is not, in all the world, a more difficult place for the traveler, guided only by the "light of nature," to find a given spot. That spot may be only a few hundred yards away, but to reach it he may have to cross half a-dozen bridges, some leading to the right, and some to the left, and traverse as many squares, of which there are three-hundred and ninety-six, one hundred and twenty-seven larger squares, and two hundred and sixty-nine smaller square.

THAT'S MY CASE.—Courts of law are now and then enlivened by the unintentional comicalities which will occasionally crop up even in most serious cases. In a certain lunacy case, the last witness called by Mr. Montague, leading counsel for the plaintiff, was a doctor who, at the close of his evidence, described a case of delirium tremens treated by him, in which the patient recovered in a single night. "It was," said the witness, "a case of gradual drinking—sipping all day, from morning till night." These words were scarcely uttered when Mr. Montague, who had examined the witness, turning to the bench, and unconsciously accenting the last word but one, said, "My Lord, that is my case." Roars of irrepressible laughter convulsed the Court.

THE assertion so frequently made that it is impossible to arrest the flight of time is altogether erroneous; for who is there that cannot stop a minute?

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE WIG

1223 CHESTNUT ST. Philadelphia, Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC HAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to nock, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '86. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Your Stomach Distresses You

after eating a hearty meal and the result is a chronic case of Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, or Bilious attack.

RIPANS TABULES

PROMOTE DIGESTION, REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. PURIFY THE BLOOD and are a POSITIVE CURE for CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, and all other Diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Liver and stomach. They act gently yet promptly, and perfect digestion follows their use.

Ripans Tabules take the place of an ENTIRE MEDICINE CHEST, and should be kept for use in every family.

Price 50 Cents a box. At Druggists or by mail.

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$100.00 Given Away Every Month

to the person submitting the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. WE ALSO SELL PATENTS FOR INVENTORS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that

It's the Simple Trivial Inventions That Yield Fortunes

—such as De Long's Hook and Eye, "See that Hump," "Safety Pin," "Pigs in Clover," "Air Brake," etc.

Almost every one conceives a bright idea at some time or other. Why not put it in practical use? YOU might be the one in this direction. May make your fortune. Why not try?

Write for further information and mention this paper.

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618 F Street Northwest,
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The responsibility of this company may be judged by the fact that its stock is held by nearly two thousand of the leading newspapers in the United States.

Humorous.

THE INVENTOR OF KISSING.

When we dwell on the lips of the girl we adore,
What pleasure in Nature is missing?
May his soul be in Heav'n, he deserves it, I'm sure,
Who was first the inventor of kissing.

Master Adam, I verily think, was the man
Whose discovery can ne'er be surpass'd;
Then since the sweet game with creation he gan,
To the end of the world may it last!

—N. T.

Shades of night—Window curtains.

Something to boot—An impertinent dun.

Popular financial circles—Silver dollars.

An uncomfortable drawing-room—The dentist's.

Coupons attached to the bonds of matrimony—Babies.

Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

The fox's tail is called his brush probably because he dusts away with it so lively.

Actor: "He plays 'drunken parts' better than anyone in the profession." Manager: "Yes, but the trouble is he is too fond of rehearsing."

An advertisement reads, "Wanted—a young man to be partly outdoor and partly behind the counter." A wag asks, "What will be the result when the door slams?"

Monsieur: "Do I make the laws in my own house, or do I not? Answer me!" Madame: "Possibly, but nothing shall hinder me from presenting amendments."

Friend: "Now that you have made millions what will you do?" And Bailou: "I shall retire and amuse myself telling people what a burden wealth is, and how happy I was when I was poor."

"Well, Uncle Silas, your boy is home from college, I see."

"Yes," growled the old man.

"Has he learned anything?"

"More'n I ever could," said the old man. "He's learned how to smoke cigarettes."

"What's the matter?" asked the policeman; "haven't you any place to go?"

"Any place ter go?" replied Meandering Mike, with contempt; "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so many places ter go to dat it's worryin' me dizzy making me mind which way ter start."

De Ruyter: "How did you actors make out on that fishing trip of yours?"

Hamm Phatter: "'Twas a frost, a frightful frost."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, we had no rehearsal, and we forgot our lines."

Mrs. Citybred, just arrived at the country farm: "What well-behaved children you have, Mr. Kornstossle!"

Kornstossle: "Yes, they're well enough now, but you should see 'em in the fall. After watchin' the ways of the city folks all summer, they're that saucy and pert there's no livin' with 'em."

Mrs. Riverside Park: "So you are going to leave?"

Bridget: "Yes, mum."

"Well, I am surprised, considering that I have been doing more than half of your work."

"That's so, mum, but yez don't do it to me satisfaction."

Chip, to industrious clerk: "Why didn't you dot the 'i' in the last word of your report last night?"

Industrious clerk: "I beg your pardon, sir; but, you see, the clock struck four just at that point, and I didn't care to work overtime."

Chief apologizes, and writes to the secretary in regard to compensation for extra work.

An Indianapolis ruralist seated himself in a restaurant and began on a bill of fare. After employing three waiters nearly half an hour in bringing dishes to him, he called one of them to him, heaved a sigh, and whispered, as he put his finger on the bill of fare, "Mister, I've et to that, and"—moving his finger to the bottom of the bill—"if it isn't agin the rule I'd like to skip from that to that."

"Making a call, the other day," writes a fair correspondent, "I casually opened a Bible on the drawing-room table while waiting for my friend. There was a folded piece of paper inside, and it was marked. I couldn't help seeing it—'Receipt for pancakes.' My friend entered at that moment, and I handed it to her. 'Why, where in the world did you get that?' she asked; 'I've been looking for it for this six months!'"

This story of the nipping in the bud of literary vanity comes from France. Z. has just published a book. During his morning walk he meets the critic of an important morning paper, to whom he cries—

"Ah, my friend, have you read my book?"

"Certainly, I have read it twice," was the answer.

"Ah!" Z. cries ecstatically. "How good of you; you are indeed a true friend!"

"But it was only to try to understand it," was the crushing reply.

BOXING THE EARS.—Many a child has been made deaf for life by it, because the "drum of the ear" is a membrane as thin as paper, which stretches like a curtain just inside the external entrance of the ear; there is nothing but air just behind it, and any violent concussion is liable to rend it in two and the "hearing" is destroyed for ever, because the sense of hearing is caused by the vibrations of this drum or "tympanum." "Picking the ears" is a most mischievous practice. In attempting to do this with hard substances, an unlucky motion has many a time pierced the drum and made it as useless as a pierced india-rubber life-preserver. Nothing sharper or harder than the end of the little finger, with the nail paired, ought ever to be introduced into the ear, unless by a physician. Persons are often seen endeavoring to remove the wax of the ear with the head end of a pin. This ought never to be done; first, because it not only endangers the rupture of the ear by being pushed too far in; but if not so far, it may grate against the drum and excite inflammation. Secondly, hair substances have often slipped in, and caused the necessity of painful and dangerous operations. Thirdly, the wax is manufactured by Nature to guard the entrance from dust, insects, and unmodified cold air, and when it has subserved its purpose it becomes dry, scaly, light, and in this condition is easily pushed outside, by new formations of wax within. Occasionally wax may harden and may interfere with the hearing. A safe plan is to let fall into the ear three or four drops of tepid water, night and morning; but glycerine is preferable. Next to the eye, the ear is the most delicate organ of the body.

PLACE your hand upon your mouth when the rod of deserved chastisement is upon your back.

ASSISTED BY NOISE.—Deaf persons, as a rule, hear better in the midst of a din than when all is quiet round them. The noise of a moving train or the whirr of machinery in mills helps to make up the volume of sound necessary to reach their impaired organs. An amusing illustration of this was afforded by a very venerable deaf gentleman who lived quite alone. On the very rare occasions when he had a visitor, he used to keep on shaking down the ashes in his grate, so that by the help of the additional noise he might catch what his caller had to say.

For
Stomach
Or Liver
Troubles, Take

AYER'S
Cathartic Pills

Received
Highest Awards
At World's Fair.

After sickness, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after June 28, 1895.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars, } daily 9.00 a m; daily 8.33 p m; daily 9.45 p m

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train) 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.16 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.00, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, (saturday only, 1.32 p m), 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.33, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.06, 4.20, 6.33, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m) 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.45, 5.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.03, p m.

For Reading Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.37 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 8.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.45 a m, (Saturdays only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 3.45, 4.00, 4.40, 5.00, 5.40 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.45, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 4.15 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train 7.00 a m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (Kentucky Ave. depot), week-days, express, (Mondays only, 6.45) 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00, 10.15 a m, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 7.30, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.25, 8.00 a m, 4.12 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.00 p m. Sundays—Express, 5.30, 6.15, 7.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.06 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.00 p m. Parlor cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 9.15 a m (Saturdays only 1.00), 4.15, 5.15 p m. Sundays, 7.15, 9.15 a m.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.40 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.40 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen'l Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

THE Monarch
King of Bicycles.

LIGHT, STRONG, SPEEDY, HANDSOME.

FINEST MATERIAL. SCIENTIFIC WORKMANSHIP.

Four Models—$85 and $100.

EVERY MACHINE FULLY GUARANTEED. SEND 2-CENT STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

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PHILADELPHIA'S FAMOUS FAMILY RESORT!

Three Grand Concerts Daily.

Fairyland Illumination Monday, Thursday and Saturday Nights.

Grand Fireworks Display Wednesday and Saturday Nights.

Amusements of Every Description.

Steamers hourly from Race and Christian Streets.

Round Trip Fare 25c.

Children Under 10 Years, 10 Cents.

"I wept when I was born, and every day shows why," said A House-keeper — who didn't use SAPOLIO

Sapolio is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes

"Ah! Ah!" Cried the Housewife, "The Secret I know, no DIRT can resist SAPOLIO."

"Oh! Oh!" Cried the DIRT, "At length I must go, I cannot withstand SAPOLIO."